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JULY, 1914
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THE THEATRE

(TITLE REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



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as "Hamlet"

EVA SWAIN

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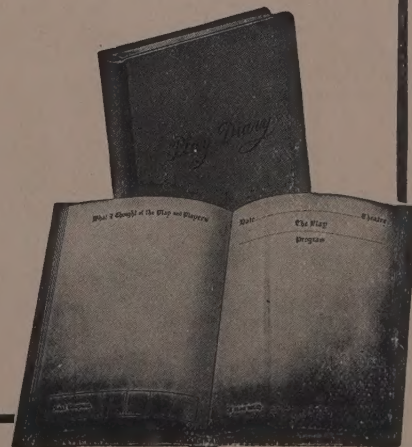
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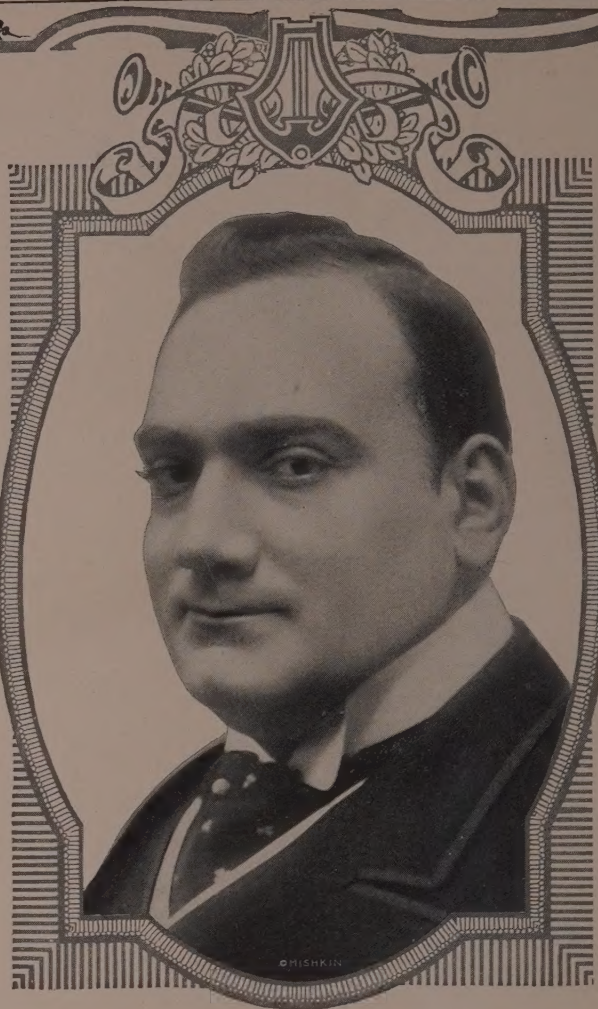
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LINA CAVALIERI IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "MANON LESCAUT," THE FILM PLAY AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

The Failure of the American Producer

WHEN the so-called artists of the seventies and eighties were crowding imagination and beauty out of the arts of painting and sculpture, aiming futilely at a literal transcript of the surface aspects of life or sentimentalizing over its prettinesses, the art or craft of stage production naturally developed along the parallel line of unimaginative realism. But when American art began to respond to the quickening forces of American life, while the painter and the sculptor and the architect felt the call of beauty, and brought back the spiritual or poetic qualities to their arts, the man of the theatre continued unperturbed in the pursuit of photographic accuracy and naturalistic detail. So it happens that to-day the average American dramatic production is very similar to the paintings of our "tight" period, and to the sculpture of our iron-stag and painted Indian days—but with this difference: that nowhere in the history of the other arts is there a parallel to the present-day theatre producer's perfect realization of a false ideal.

The story of the failure of the American producer is the story of the gradual realization of that false ideal, under a conspiracy of commercialism and bad taste. It is a revelation of the way of the business man and the Philistine in the house of art. It shows how an art may be sapped of all inner beauty and truth, and still stand as a hollow shell of reality, perfect in outer mechanical detail, but quite barren of all that makes art worth while. The American producer has followed the false gods of naturalism and unmeaning realism until he has driven unity and harmony from the American theatre.

The case against him may be summed up in two propositions: first, that he has produced nearly every American drama in settings that distracted the eye from the all-important action, destroying unity and harmony of effect; and second, that he has introduced into every production all sorts of inorganic incidents or "stunts," destroying the continuity of action and marring the author's dramatic design.

David Belasco is the arch-apostle of naturalism in stage pro-

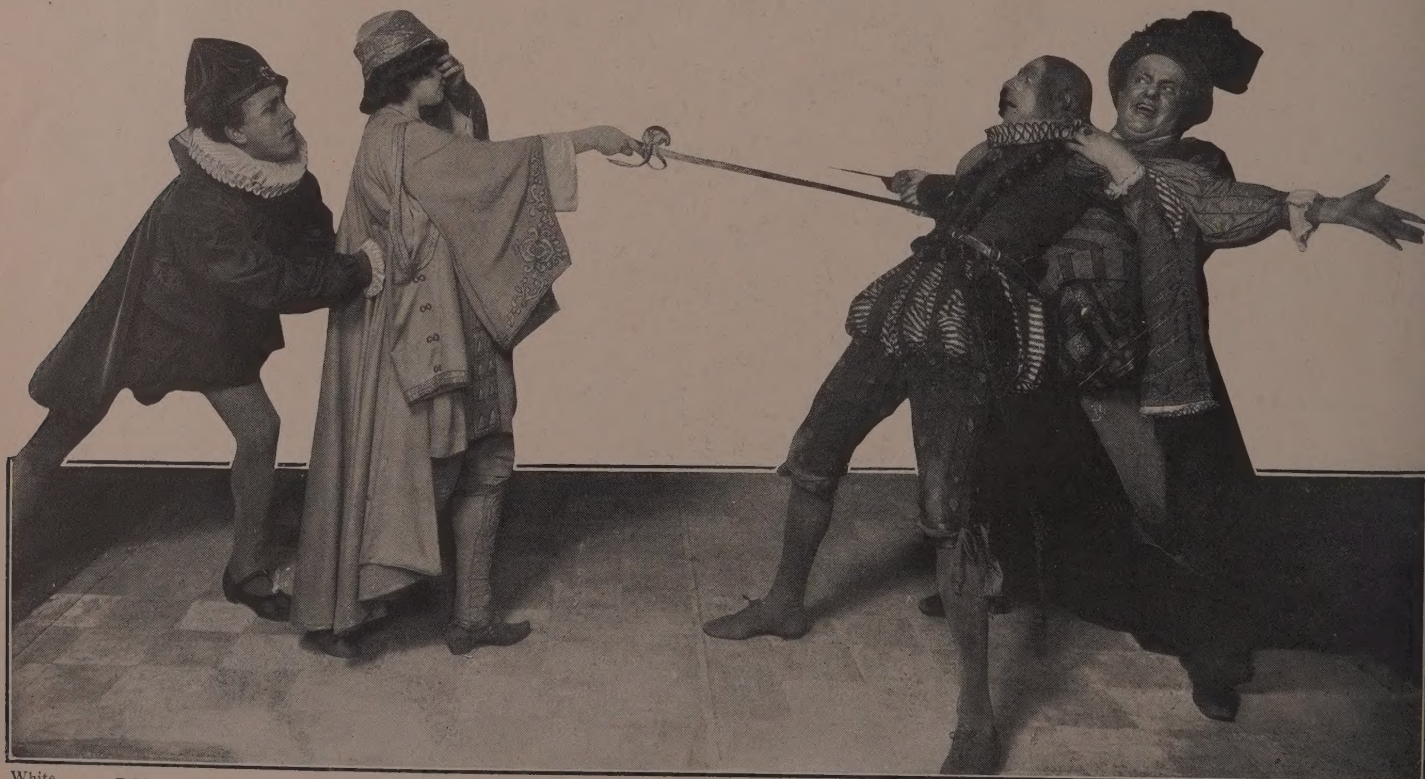
duction and the acknowledged leader of American producers. He is looked up to and imitated by the great majority of producers in the country, and so it is not unfair to take his work for comment in an arraignment of all his kind. With no personal feeling against Mr. Belasco, and with full respect for the service he has rendered to the American theatre in certain directions, the present writer wishes to take issue squarely with Belascoism. It is a force that has held undisputed sway in the American theatre far too long.

Unfortunately, the Belasco idea has been studiously and successfully exploited before a public that is only too amiable in its acceptance of what is forced upon it with a pretense of authority. It is high time that the false stage religion be challenged and the false principles shown forth in contrast with those of true stage art. It is worth while to set forth the Belasco creed and that of the new generation of stage artists, and then to examine some of Belasco's productions in the light of the two contrasting sets of principles.

Belasco, in a recent magazine essay, epitomized his creed in one sentence: "I believe in the little things." There one has the key to his whole method of artistic endeavor, the secret of his success and of his failure. Belasco believes in the little things; he believes that if he puts together enough little details that are "real" or "natural"—that is, true to the outer, material aspects of life—he can build a whole that will be artistically or spiritually true to life.

In stage setting, instead of selecting what is characteristic and casting aside what is unessential, he attempts to multiply accidental detail until he has an actual representation of nature. Mr. Belasco leaves nothing whatever to the imagination of the spectator. He aims, by accuracy of imitation, to create actual material illusion.

In the fashioning of the play he aims to hold the attention of the audience by bringing together a number of entertaining incidents, rather than by creating a dramatic story of sustained



White Fabian (Harrison Carter) Viola (Margaret Anglin) Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Wallace Widdecombe) Sir Toby Belch (Sidney Greenstreet)
SCENE IN MARGARET ANGLIN'S RECENT PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY, "TWELFTH NIGHT"

interest. Throughout the whole production, in play and in setting, his method is episodic and naturalistic, rather than synthetic and suggestive. He starts from the little things, and his finest accomplishment is in the little things. He is a master of detail.

The contrasting new theory of stage production is based on the fundamental artistic law that art is a thing of vision and interpretation rather than of imitation, and that unity of the whole is quite as important as perfection of the several individual parts. The new artists of the theatre argue that the literal transcript of fact is not art, but mere reporting, like topographical drawing or historical painting. They believe that the dramatic production, like every work of art, should be conceived as a whole, affording a single, complete impression. They believe that unity and harmony are the first qualities to be sought, and they are concerned with detail only as it contributes to the entire dramatic design. They believe that the play should afford a sustained appeal, without interruption through irrelevant touches of naturalism or inorganic incidents.

They conceive the setting as a mere frame for the action, an unobtrusive background that will not draw attention to itself by the wonder of its invention or by its conspicuous fidelity to actual life. Instead of working, as Belasco does, with a lavish hand, multiplying unimportant detail, they build up with reticent touch, out of the few most characteristic and essential elements, a simplified suggestion of the place of action. They leave everything possible to the imagination of the spectator. Their method may be summed up in a very few words: concentration by imaginative suggestion.

With the two theories in mind, let us turn to some actual interior and exterior settings designed and executed in the naturalistic method. When Belasco designs an interior setting for his play there is hardly a square foot of wall space that is not broken up by a vase, a projection, an ornament, or what-not. A Belasco room looks as if the designer had wandered about, after the walls were set up, with a basket of "natural" objects and with an irresistible desire to stick them up on every bare spot. In making a rapid review of the settings in recent Belasco productions, it is difficult to remember one in which there was the sense of repose and of unobtrusiveness that comes from the skillful handling of unbroken lines and large unbroken masses. Belasco's first instinct is to "decorate," to destroy simplicity in a doubtful attempt at "naturalness." It may be added parenthetically that the "realism" that so often is connected with the names of David Belasco and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is not the realism of art at all, but mere naturalism—the attempt to imitate nature in her accidental surface aspects, and not the attempt of the artist-realist to transfuse from life to art the deeper and more significant reality of things. Belasco's settings are undeniably natural, perfect imitations of the real rooms of tasteless people, down to the last unimportant detail. All of us have wondered at the industry and the imitative genius of the man who could reproduce so accurately on the stage so many details. But has any



Photo Genthe

MARTHA HEDMAN

Who will appear next season in a new play by Paul Armstrong

one of us ever sensed from a Belasco setting the intimate home atmosphere of the domestic play, as we have in many amateur productions where there was no attempt at naturalistic detail? Have we ever sensed the mood of tragedy evoked by the exceedingly simple backgrounds of the Irish Players' productions?

In the hotel room of "The Woman," in the sanitarium rooms of "The Case of Becky," in the living-rooms of "The Governor's Lady," and of "The Return of Peter Grimm" and of "Years of Discretion," the same faults are evident: overcrowding, over-elaboration of detail, a lavishness that tends continually to draw the eye from the actors. Certainly there is in them nothing restful, nothing to stop the eye unobtrusively and turn it back to



Moffett
DORIS KEANE
Starring in Edward Sheldon's play, "Romance"



Matzene
KATHERINE EMMET
Seen recently in "The Ghost Breaker"



White
VIVIAN MARTIN
To appear in "The High Cost of Living"

the action, nothing to suggest the mood subconsciously, nothing to intensify the spiritual essence of the production. If the setting has an appeal, it is to the sense of novelty, to the interest in mechanical, material detail, to the superficial interest in photographic imitation.

If overcrowding and a slavish adherence to naturalistic detail are the primary faults of Belasco's interior settings, there is one other that is almost equally destructive of sustained dramatic interest. It has become a favorite device to fit up gorgeously a second room, opening from that in which the main action is taking place, and, at a favorable moment, to open the door between, leaving the audience to gaze through, and to exclaim at the invention and naturalness of modern stage production. Similarly a Belasco window never opens on a flat background that merely suggests the sky or a garden or a building wall, but always reveals outside a detailed landscape scene, or an intricate architectural composition. If Belasco were an artist he would realize that whenever the eye is drawn through an opening, either door or window, away from the room in which the actors are playing, there is a definite interruption of the action: the continuity of interest is broken by the temporary excitement over something quite foreign to the matter of the play.

This revealing of a completely furnished second room, and this delineation of a complete perspective background through the windows, is merely the adding of another "natural" detail. But it is more destructive to the total effect than any other, because it draws the attention farther away from the action, and more surely destroys concentration of interest.

There must be openings from stage rooms, but the backgrounds which they reveal should be as flat, as free from detail and as neutral in tone as possible if the aim of the producer is to make sustained dramatic appeal to the deeper feelings,

rather than merely scattered appeal to the surface faculties.

In interior settings Belasco is the most accomplished of all those who follow naturalism as a stage religion. One might examine the settings of nine-tenths of the American producers and find the same faults, but not carried to the same false perfection. How many times have we seen plays set in drawing rooms, or artists' studios, or parlors, that were more like college students' rooms, hung with fish nets, trophies and trivial tidbits of sentiment! The simile is not a bad one; we are indeed in the college room stage of theatre setting. The sophomoric wisdom of our dramatic producers is reflected in almost every Broadway production, varying in degree only as the producer happens to have a genius for detail, like Belasco, or merely an imitative faculty, like so many of his followers. If he is a Belasco he may give us at times such a *tour de force* as the Childs' Restaurant scene of "The Governor's Lady," with all its distracting accuracy of detail, or perhaps a completely furnished Colonial room (which should be seen only in a museum); but generally he will give us something overcrowded, overdetailed and with scattered points of interest, that is both unbeautiful and unnatural, without Belasco's insinuating veneer of reality.

It is not necessary to dwell extensively upon the matter of exterior settings as designed by the American producer. They have the same faults as the interiors, though perhaps in more ridiculous measure, since it is easier to throw a veil of plausibility over an imitation of a room than to give a material illusion of out-of-doors. One remembers only too clearly the clutter of naturalistic "properties"; the trees that are "real" in the foreground, canvas "cutouts" in the middleground, and mere painted semblances of trees in the background; the buildings with real doors and windows in quaking canvas walls; the inevitable well, if it is a farm scene (and the real water that comes up in a dry



Photo Bangs

LOTTIE COLLINS

Who made her New York début in "The Belle of Bond Street" recently and will appear shortly in vaudeville. She is the daughter of the well-known comedienne, Lottie Collins, of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" fame

bucket); the live horse protruding its head from the stable doorway, if there is any possible excuse for a stable; and the street scenes with their signs, their lamp-posts, and their depressingly accurate representations of the average dingy street fronts. And occasionally there have been the river and lake scenes, with boats tossing on real water; and once a real lettuce field that caused no end of wondering comment. But how many outdoor settings in the American theatre can we call to mind that unobtrusively struck the keynote of the action, that heightened the mood of the play by suggestion, that formed a restful background for the all-important action? That sort of setting alone is worth while when one is producing drama for the sake of drama, and not merely to entertain, like a circus, with a series of side shows. The trouble is that the simple, restful, and suggestive setting always is part of an artist's conception of the whole production, and the American producers, from Belasco down, may be fine naturalists or fine pictorial historians, but are not artists.

Let us turn from the settings to those incidents that are introduced into the action, presumably with the idea of increasing the interest, but generally with the result of breaking the dramatic tension. In that essay in which Belasco makes his confession of faith in the little things, he tells of a cat that was made to walk across the stage and stretch itself at a certain point in each performance of "Hearts of Oak," and of a baby who became animated always at just the right point of the play. "That cat," he writes, "was always greeted with laughter and applause, and every night brought down the house. . . . The animated baby won the house every night, and both the cat and the baby drew hundreds to the theatre." We can easily believe him, and we can picture the spectators stopping to wonder how the trick was accomplished. But what of the sustained mood that had been built up if the play was a real drama? Was it not shattered at just the point where the audience gave its attention and applause to the cat and the baby?

In a current Belasco production, "The Woman," one of the most intense scenes is laid in a room on the upper floor of a modern hotel. The audience has been brought to a point of almost breathless suspense, in the expectation that a certain character will come up to the girl in the room. In the midst of this dramatic silence there is heard the peculiar crescendo squeak of a pneumatic elevator. The sound is wonderfully imitated. Invariably a rustle runs through the

audience, and almost every person turns to his neighbor to comment on the cleverness of the trick. It is indeed remarkable

naturalism, and it appeals to humanity's desire for novelty, and to its "vaudeville sense." But in the momentary interest in this detail, the entire sustained mood is shattered. When the audience again gives its attention to the story of the play, the entire built-up dramatic interest has collapsed.

If Belasco would admit that he is not concerned with art, he would knock every prop from under the arguments here advanced. If he is content to consider that he is creating mere entertainment, like the circus or the musical comedy, or the empty forms of farce—productions that belong to the business of amusement rather than to the art of the theatre—one can have no quarrel with him for introducing any incident or effect that he desires. Or even if he is content to have his work classed with such productions as "The Old

Homestead," that are little more than sublimated vaudeville shows, wherein a thread of story is utilized as an excuse for introducing singing, and anecdote-telling and episodic happenings, without regard to cumulation of dramatic interest—then one cannot quarrel with his method of production.

But Mr. Belasco does not admit that he is working outside the boundaries of the legitimate art of the theatre. Indeed, one gathers from his essays that he believes that he is doing a very important service to American dramatic art. And more than once his work has been held up before an admiring audience as the very apotheosis of American achievement in the theatre.

But art that is serious and unified and of a certain dignity never yet has been created from combining such inconsequential and unrelated elements of entertainment as the stretching cat and animated baby; nor from any number of such mechanical wonders as the perfect imitation of an elevator's squeak.

The recent annals of the American stage have been full of descriptions of such remarkable naturalistic details: the clocks that struck the same hour several minutes apart, as they would in real life; the telephone switchboard connected with the central office; the rainstorm of real water, falling from a network of shower-bath tubing; and (to forsake Belasco for the moment) a real linotype machine in actual operation. They all are cases of immaterial accidentals, glorified to "stunts" at the expense of the spiritual essence of the plays.

SHELDON CHENEY.



Moffett

REINE DAVIES

To be seen shortly in "Forward March"

The Old Actor

I was an actor once—renowned,
Respected, feted, laurel-crowned.
That was in eighteen eighty-three,
And what was fortune then to me!
In those departed days of yore
My friends were numbered by the score,
And every schoolboy spoke the name
Of one the flattered child of fame;
All clasped me proudly by the hand
And spread my glory through the land.

'Tis different now! I walk alone
Down the Rialto, all unknown,
And mid the maddening crowd I strain
To find some friendly face again,
Backed with a hearty "Hello, G!"
As in the days of eighty-three.

A smothered laugh, a taunting jeer
Falls like a pall upon my ear,
As the base herd in ceaseless tide
Pants on and brushes me aside,
Whose eye in jealousy and love
Once flashed the lightening bolts of Jove,
Whose cadenced tones with tears oppressed
Thrilled and enthralled the human breast!
I made their fathers laugh and cry
Who now unheeding pass me by!
The world was mine, and mine the crown
Of that sweet meed of fame—renown.
Each passer would have greeted me
In eighteen hundred eighty-three.

Amid old Broadway's rush and roar
I stand alone upon the shore
Of Time, like one who peers in vain
For some white sail across the main.
Ah, not a soul remembers me
Who was a star in eighty-three!

FREDERICK F. SCHRADER.

The \$10,000 Prize Play

IT has always been the contention of the embryo playwright that his was a barred way to theatrical preferment. It was not unnatural to argue that the script of an unknown author had little chance against the product of the established playwright. Managers, it was asserted, would always give a preference to the dramatist with a name and a reputation. Nor will dramatic history fail to bear him out in this argument. Conditions to-day, however, are better than they were. The growth in the number of new theatres, especially as far as New York City is concerned, has made it impossible for the leading authors of this and other countries to keep pace with the demand. As a result the unknown is beginning to come into his own. Winthrop Ames, recognizing that the lurking dramatist with the latent talent must be at hand, offered, more than a year ago, a \$10,000 prize, the largest honorarium ever offered for a contest of this description, for the best American play. For his temerity twenty-six hundred and forty manuscripts were submitted. Mr. Ames, himself, Adolph Klauber, formerly dramatic critic of the *New York Times*; and Augustus Thomas, the well-known dramatist, made up the jury to pass upon this tremendous mass of dramatic material. Rules governed the contest and as quite one thousand failed to comply with them the jury was at least spared that amount of unnecessary brain work. The sixteen hundred and forty-six that remained were all original, as it was particularly specified that no translations nor adaptations of foreign pieces would be considered. Further, one-act plays and musical comedies were barred, while dramatizations of novels or short stories could only be entered provided full rights to make such dramatizations were secured. And a woman won!

Alice Brown was the successful contestant and by this time she has "counted" her \$10,000, for the prize was promptly paid over when the verdict was rendered.

Although well known in the literary world for her sketches and novels of New England life, "Children of Earth" will be the first play from her pen ever to have been acted on a professional stage, for Mr. Ames promises to give it one of his characteristically thorough and artistic productions, probably at the Booth Theatre next fall. Its plot is said to be highly dramatic and to be unfolded by the New England types Miss Brown knows so well. Further than this Mr. Ames prefers to retain a discreet silence.

Miss Brown, who was born at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, fifty-seven years ago, is the daughter of a farmer and spent the first fourteen years of her life "close to the ground." After a time spent at a girls' seminary at Exeter, N. H., she taught for a while and then took up her pen as a means of livelihood. "Meadow Grass," a collection of short stories, was her first output and revealed a talent that was at once recognized by the literary world. How active she has been is testified by the fact that the Houghton, Mifflin catalogue numbers fourteen volumes from her pen, best known of which are: "John Winterbourne's Family," "The Story of Thyra," "Rose MacLeod" and "Tiverton Tales." More than this Miss Brown has to her credit a volume of verse, a book of essays on travel, for she has been

abroad several times, tramping through England and Wales,

and several short plays. She is devoted to flowers and has a garden at Newburyport, Mass., and a farm at Hill, N. H. Miss Brown was for many years on the editorial staff of *The Youth's Companion*, and is a frequent contributor to that periodical and other magazines. In winter Boston is her home.

If playwriting contests in this country are to be judged as sincere efforts to build up a native dramatic literature then Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian, was one of the first and principal patrons in this direction. True at the start he did not offer a fixed sum, to be awarded to him who by his pen should best suit the tragedian's poetical and physical possibilities, but it was well known among the literati of the 1830's that a play living up to the fixed standards of the tragic drama would draw a liberal recompense from Forrest's generous purse. History shows that Richard Penn Smith, a member of the Philadelphia Bar, later an editor and author, who turned out at least fourteen plays, was the first to supply Forrest with an original tragedy. It was styled "Caius Marius" and had its original production in the Quaker City in 1831. James Rees records that it was a failure because with the exception of the star no one knew the text he was to deliver.

In the same year, however, a genuine winner was evolved. This was "The Gladiator," better known as "Spartacus," and described on the original programme as "a prize play," which Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird wrote. It jumped into immediate popular favor and from it the doctor realized much more than he ever did as a disciple of Escalapius or as the editor of the *North American*, which office he held at the same time. He followed "Spartacus" up—its popularity lasted through the regime of John McCullough, with "Oraloosa" and "The Broker of Bogota." The latter Forrest found a serviceable medium, but neither in popularity equalled the



ALICE BROWN

Winner of the \$10,000 prize offered by Winthrop Ames for the best play by an American author

physician's first attempt. Robert T. Conrad, also a Philadelphia editor, was the next contributor to the American tragedian's repertoire. His effort originally called "Aylmere" was later christened "Jack Code." As the historical rebel of the times of Henry VI, Forrest long continued to play the part. Later McCullough kept it in his list of plays.

But it was in the early '50s of the nineteenth century that Forrest inaugurated an open contest. It was then that he offered the very generous sum of \$3,000 for the play that should best fit his wants. If none came up to the standard the leading author should receive but a single thousand. Seventy manuscripts were submitted and G. H. Miles was declared the winner with a piece called "Mohammed." He was paid the thousand dollars and in 1852 Forrest gave it to Augustus Neaffie, who in the title rôle produced it at Brougham's Lyceum on September 27th of that year. Three times the footlights flashed upon it and then oblivion.

A long period was to elapse before anyone utilized competition as a means to bring talent to the front. Sometime in 1889 or early in 1890 *The New York World* offered a prize of \$1,000 for the best American play by an

(Continued on page 43)

William Courtenay, the Stage Lover

WHEN a stage lover is needed, the manager always thinks of William Courtenay, and mourns if he cannot get him, for Mr. Courtenay is the minute man for love-making. He is almost unique on the American stage. We have strong character actors. The trend of American stage art is definitely toward that class of acting, but for handsome, straight and lean-limbed, youthful faced men to make love to the woman star or the leading lady we have not a superabundance. There are times when a famine seems upon us.

Concentrate on the subject for a moment. Make a requisition upon the fingers of both hands. Several of those fingers will be idle.

Unwelcome as is the mental dose, we must swallow it. For love-makers who fill the eye and satisfy the romantic sense we have had in times of stringency to import good specimens from England—Julian L'Estrange, H. B. Warner and others. Assume that you want a man to play Romeo, not play at it, but satisfyingly enact the rôle of the greatest lover of history, and whom would you? Dustin Farnum has taken his wholesome pulchritudinousness into character work, dotted with moving picture ventures. His handsome brother, William, prefers heroic rôles to match his shoulders. Wince if you will, but face the truth that our stage lovers are for the most part colorless and inadequate. It may be because Americans are not good love-makers, and art can rise no higher than its source, which is life. But it is a truth, and that is the reason that William Courtenay stands nearly alone in the art of stage love-making.

But let us not overwhelm him with praise. It is only by the grace of six weeks that he is an American. Had his parents set sail from Queenstown a month and a half later he would have been an Irishman. As it is, he was born in Worcester, Mass., and is entitled to wave the Stars and Stripes as lustily as George Cohan himself.

He had another stage advantage beside being so nearly related to that island which gave us James O'Neill and Ada Rehan, the home of quick vanishing temper and abiding temperament. That is that his father was a lawyer. No, not one of the hard-lipped, steel-eyed kind who sit in private offices and tell you how to keep out of trouble and how to get out of it when you're in, but the sort that stands before juries, wrestles with them and for the most part conquers them. A great pleader could always have been a good actor, and a good actor would, with training, have wielded his power upon a jury, for there isn't much difference between a jury of twelve and an audience of twelve hundred. Both are human instruments to be played upon with skillful fingers.

Moreover, he went to school to the Sacred Heart College, and the Jesuit brothers took him in hand and trained him to be



Moffett

WILLIAM COURTENAY

courteous to his elders of both sexes and to all women, which, when it has become a habit, is another stage advantage, particularly if Nature has endowed one with a fresh, boyish face, and straight, fine lines, and an utter disinclination to ever become pudgy.

So at fifteen, when his father died, we find him nature-started toward the stage, and at sixteen we behold him on it. That was twenty years ago, and he's never since lacked a part.

A manager saw him in an amateur production and engaged him for a repertoire company. The second year the experience was practically duplicated. The third, Milton and Dolly Nobles took the lad on tour.

While the memories of this era of prosperity were still bright, he formed a friendship for one of Richard Mansfield's business staff. It led to a meeting with Richard Mansfield and to three years with that severe but valuable master.

Mr. Courtenay was under Henry Miller's tutelage in the Miller-Anglin combination of talents for eleven weeks on the Pacific Coast. For three years he was with Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Stock Company that played for the most part in Daly's Theatre. There John Mason became interested in the American youth and taught him how to listen and how to stand.

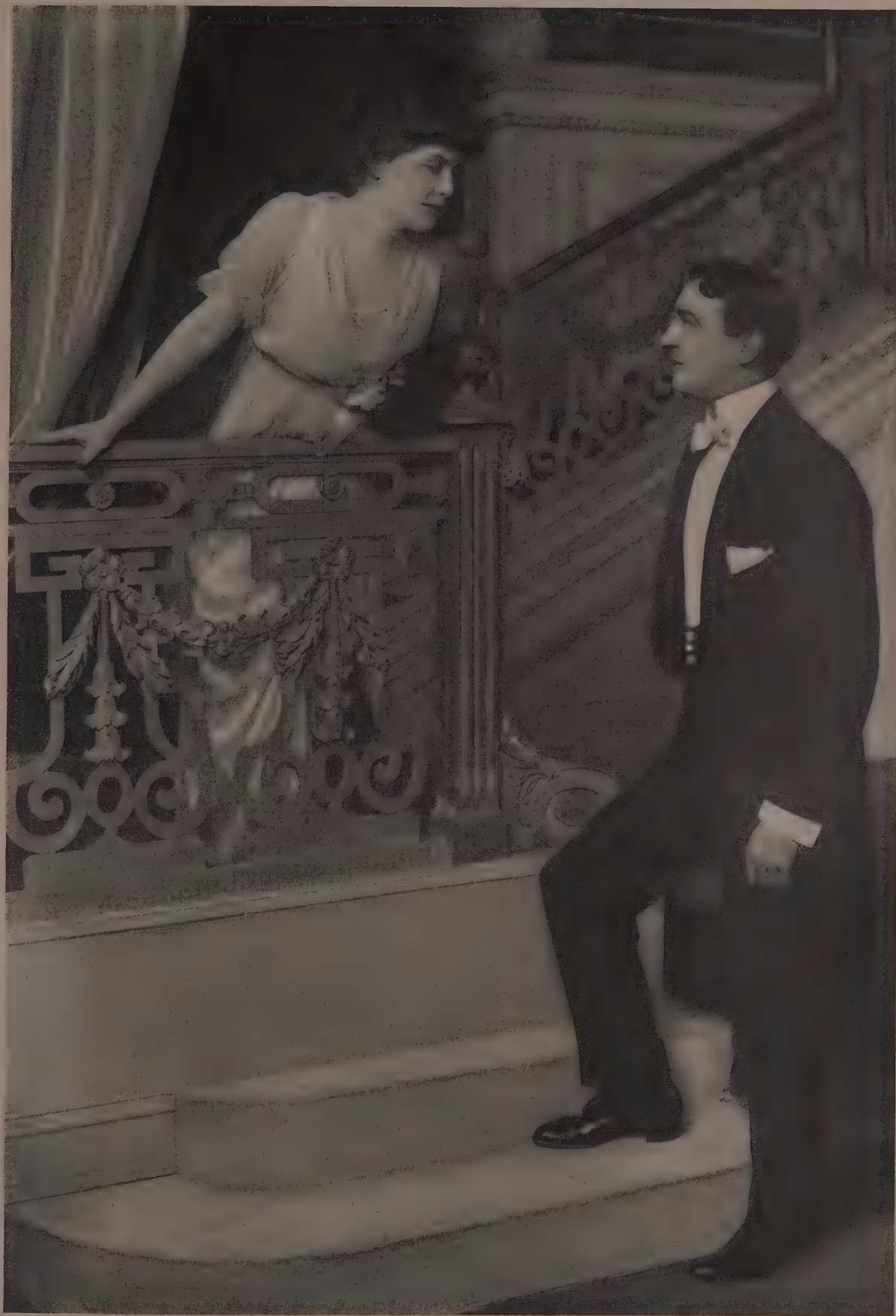
Thereafter he went to the Empire Theatre Stock Company, thence to "Iris," in which he supported Virginia Harned. He stopped love-making to prove a hitherto unsuspected versatility as Arsene Lupin, a French Raffles. He returned to love-making as the French Canadian woodsman in "The Wolf," playing for fifty-six continuous weeks.

When they needed a youthful man who would look as though an heiress might love him, even though he were penniless, the management looked about for the minute love-maker of the stage, William Courtenay, and secured his services for "Ready Money," and when Edward Sheldon desired a love-maker for the difficult rôle of the clergyman in "Romance," he chose to create the character of the youth tossed upon the rocks of passion, yet borne back into the harbor of duty upon the good ship *Conscience*. William Courtenay. The story of the phenomenal success of "Romance" is one that has been told.

A shaft of light upon the character of this chief of American stage lovers is that most persons call him "Billie." A rosy tint is shed upon him by a prolonged honeymoon. He is spending it with Virginia Harned, his star in *Iris*. At thirty-six he looks scarce twenty-five.

But believe not that he is content to be a mere stage lover. He has purchased a share in "Under Cover," in which he is leading man and with that purchase behold him evolved into what our English visitors say we most sorely need, the actor-manager.

MARY MORGAN.



White

Lily Cahill

William Courtenay

Act II. Ethel (Miss Cahill)—"Do make another break some time"

SCENE IN ROI COOPER MEGRUE'S PLAY, "UNDER COVER," TO BE SEEN AT THE CORT THEATRE EARLY NEXT SEASON

WE all know that messages come to us across the foot-

Acting Helps a Woman to Live

upon the stage hating their parts and loathing their audiences, as mistaken

lights, messages of cheer, of strength, of courage, of high, inspiring ideals. They may be uttered in a line spoken by a player, or they may come to us propelled by the many power voltage of his personality. We feel the actor behind the part. We know that this is true, that to a mime of that broad and deep humanity, that desire to help the struggling, dim-sighted race toward better things, it is the compensation for the hard conditions of life on the stage. But Janet Beecher, who played with so sure a touch and so keen intelligence the leading woman's part in "The Great Adventure," goes a step, several steps, indeed, farther.

Miss Beecher has distilled from her own experience as actress and woman the wisdom which enables her to see the parallels between acting and life. Life helps a woman to act, yes, but we had not thought that acting helps a woman to live. We knew that acting holds the mirror up to Nature, but not that the stage can guide Nature into wiser ways. Life has given much to Nature. Nature is repaying the debt, according to Miss Beecher. The ideas of the young woman, who David Belasco has said is one of the three most natural of the younger actresses of the American stage, are worthy of our attention. Her thoughtfulness should promote our own thought.

But first as to the earnest young thinker herself. She has been on the stage but eight years. Short shrift, compared with the long years of upward struggle by others whom we recall; but Miss Beecher's habit of thinking has helped her vastly on the climb. When we saw her as Ida in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," as the Swedish Slavey in "The Bachelor," as Helen Heyer in "The Lottery Man," and Empress Josephine in "The Purple Road," there came from the part and the girl the impression of a clear-cut performance, in which a distinct conception preceded forceful execution.

When she played Mrs. Gabor Arany in "The Concert" she advanced to practically the front rank, and when one of the ripest plums of the dramatic season, the lead in "The Great Adventure," members of her own profession—ever the severest of the critics—said "She deserves it." So of the part in the new Belasco production "What's Wrong?"

In the dainty white apartment, new as her marriage bonds, for her wedding ring shone from its placing on her finger only a few months before, we chatted with the tea cart between us of her wish to help other women to solve their problems and of how acting helps the actress herself to live.

"If you live in such way as you would like all other women to live, the strength you have developed and the ideals you have cherished reach the women in front," she said with conviction. "The greater the strength and the finer the ideals, the more complete and satisfying the message. It is quite possible for a woman cast for an insignificant part, speaking few and commonplace lines, to send across the footlights a tremendous message of clean, fine, forceful living. I have received such messages."

"If an actress comes upon the stage with a feeling of friendliness for the persons whom she is to entertain, her good will reaches out and encircles them. I know that, for I have been within that circle. Those who walk

players sometimes do, get back what they send and failure threatens them. What is much worse than any personal failure is that they have radiated destructive thoughts."

"Do you believe that the character you play influences your living?"

"Not in the strictest sense. One can play an adventuress without the slightest inclination to become one. In fact, it is apt to cause a repulsion in the player for the character and all similar characters. No. It affects us only in the way we approach the playing of the character. In that sense the stage is a most admirable school for daily life."

"For instance?" I was a bit dazed by this sudden reversal of the shield. I had gazed upon life the teacher of the stage. The stage as the schoolmistress of life was a confusing shift.

The grave, handsome young woman in gray passed me a cup of tea, smiled her acknowledgment of an intruder's congratulations on her birthday, and with her habitual thoughtfulness began her analysis.

"It is a trial when a comedian spoils your scene by getting a laugh in the wrong place."

"A great trial," I assented. "One always speaks to the manager, doesn't she?"

"One is tempted to, but she shouldn't."

"What should she do?"

"Dismiss it. Ignore it. Do not permit it to have any effect whatever upon you."

"What bearing has that on daily living?"

"A great deal. Suppose your husband has some irritating mannerism. If he pushes his plate away from him when he has finished breakfast, that little habit may get upon your nerves. You see it out of all proportion to its importance. You want to scream. You want to chide him, to quarrel with him about

it. But you must not. You must look out the window. You must dismiss it. Acting teaches you that."

"What of some important crisis in married life? Say that you fear your husband's affections are slipping away from you?"

"That is like a scene getting away from you. You feel that you are losing your audience. You must get it back. You introduce some variety in your rendition. You strike a new note in your work. You read a speech in a new way. You dwell longer upon a word or look. Introduce some variety in your home life. Wear a new frock. Have something different for dinner. Sing a new song or rearrange the furniture. Strike the new note. Win back your husband as you win back your audience, by introducing something new."

"What of playing the same part a long time? You can change the part, but you cannot change the husband. At least, you would prefer to avoid that."

"That is a problem. I had it in 'The Concert.' I had begun to forget my lines. When marriage, like a part, became stale, I should find something new to think about. I always kept a pair of thought-provoking pictures fastened at either side of my dressing-room mirror. I was in St. Louis and the play had begun to pall upon me. I went out and bought two new pictures.



White

JANET BEECHER
Appearing in "What's Wrong?"

(Continued on page 42)



Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn in "Hamlet"

William Faversham in the Ovation scene of "Julius Caesar"

Copyright Daily Mirror Studios
Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott in "Hamlet"

STAGE, no less than sartorial, fashions run in cycles, and are subject to frequent and violent

changes. The pendulum of dramatic taste swings so far one way, and then, by the very force of its own momentum, it must travel just as far in the opposite direction. So it is that one season we are surfeited with romanticism, another with the sex problem, another with Western drama, another with Orientalism, another with plays of the underworld.

For some time past we have had little Shakespeare and still less of the "minor classics." Not that managerial announcements of classical productions have been lacking—there have been plenty of those. It was at the opening of the Seymour Theatre (now the Belasco) in October, 1907, that David Belasco solemnly announced his intention of henceforth devoting the greater part of his energies to staging Shakespearean plays. David Warfield would achieve his long-cherished ambition to play Shylock. Blanche Bates would act in "As You Like It," and Frances Starr would have her opportunity to perform Juliet. Charles Frohman has repeatedly announced Ethel Barrymore's appearance in "As You Like It" and William Gillette in "Hamlet." Some years ago Wilton Lackaye was to make his début as a Shakespearean star and gradually build up a repertory. Then there was the project of a permanent organization for the Playhouse. Grace George was to head a stock company of carefully selected players, in whose repertory "Much Ado About Nothing," "The School for Scandal" and "The Love Chase" were to occupy conspicuous and honored positions.

But the proof of good intentions lies in their performance. So far, with the exception of John Drew's production of "The Merchant of Venice," none of these excellent and ambitious plans have borne fruit. What of David Warfield? Not only has he never realized the ambition of a lifetime to act Shylock, but he has undertaken no Shakespearean part. Modern character rôles mark the outside limits of this actor's experience, and in his twelve or more years with Belasco he has been given only four different character parts—a Jewish-looking dealer in "The Auctioneer," a German musician in "The Music Master," an American stage driver in "A Grand Army Man," and a Dutch brewer in "The Return of Peter Grimm." Blanche Bates and Frances Starr have continued to drift hither and thither in modern drama, and of late years even rumor of their appearance in classic plays is heard no more. Several seasons ago plans for Ethel Barrymore's production of "As You Like It" were under way when Mr. Frohman secured W. Somer-

The Classic Revival

set Maugham's "Lady Frederick" for her use. Preparations for the Shakespeare play were promptly dropped, and nothing

has ever been heard of their being resumed. Maude Adams has appeared in performances of "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" at the University of California and at Harvard before special audiences, but the general public is still denied the pleasure of seeing her in these rôles. Wilton Lackaye's plans for a Shakespearean repertory have long since been abandoned, and this actor of great possibilities has been squandering his talents on material unworthy of his mettle. Grace George and the newly-organized Playhouse company presented "Much Ado About Nothing" in cities of the Middle West, but by the time the company reached New York the repertory idea had disappeared, and only a single modern play was their offering.

The season of 1912-1913 was distinguished for the large number of old-time plays brought to the stage.

First there was Lewis Waller's revival of "King Henry V." Unfortunately, it was not the financial success which it deserved to be, for Mr. Waller is an admirable and eloquent actor, and his virile, straightforward style is eminently suited to such parts as Harry the King. However, it was a venture worth the risking, and it redounds to Waller's credit that he made the attempt. E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe appeared in their familiar Shakespearean dramas. "Much Ado About Nothing," which they originally produced in 1904, was the year's addition to their repertory. For five weeks they packed the huge Manhattan Opera House to the doors, and reliable sources state that they reaped a financial harvest. Directly on the heels of the Sothorns came William Faversham and Julie Opp with their superb production of "Julius Cæsar." With Tyrone Power and Frank Keenan to aid them, they made one of the most pronounced artistic hits in recent years, and their greatest success as actor-managers. On the financial side it was all that could be hoped for, and the audiences were large and demonstrative.

Faversham is an actor who has been doing big things of late. If we except his rather colorless Romeo of fifteen years ago, "Julius Cæsar" may be accounted his first essay into the realm of Shakespearean drama. It was an open question whether he would appear to such good advantage here as in some of the more modern plays he has produced. Be it said then to his everlasting credit that thus far Antony is the high-water mark of his career. He fairly dominated the performance; he gave us a character which was as nobly conceived as it was nobly



C. H. SILVERNAIL
Playing juvenile leads under W. A.
Brady's management

these days of strenuous theatrical competition. Miss Russell is a delightful actress of quaint and piquant charm. Her characterization of the sprightly Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," some six years ago, was exquisitely fashioned, but it was greatly to be doubted whether the elfin grace of this actress would find a congenial medium for expression in other classical rôles. "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals," though frequently styled "comedies," are in reality farces—farces of straightforward humor. The refining hand of Miss Russell was plainly visible in her presentations of the plays. Her Kate Hardcastle was a thoroughly artistic impersonation, though probably more delicately moulded, than the girl Oliver Goldsmith conceived her to be. The rough and ready wit of the play took on a new and different charm coming from the gentle lips of Annie Russell. The actress scored a second success in "The Rivals." Better suited temperamentally to Lydia than to Kate, she gave a most sympathetic interpretation of the rôle. The more the pity that Lydia Languish is such a slight part for a star performer. Her Beatrice was a disappointment. It will have to be confessed that the Shakespearean heroine is as yet beyond her grasp. But the sum total of her achievements would indicate that she has an interesting and useful career before her in classic drama.

Interesting, too, was the experience of John E. Kellard. This actor made the daring experiment of coming into New York unheralded—practically ignored by the critics—and launching his production of "Hamlet" at the Garden Theatre, far from the centre of theatrical activity. Persistence, perseverance and a competent performance were his only weapons. But he won his fight for recognition, and "Hamlet" remained in town until it had achieved a run of one hundred performances—something which has not been done since Edwin Booth played the part. Of the monetary success of the venture we are unable to state, but Kellard courageously followed up "Hamlet" with productions of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Oedipus Rex."

Robert Mantell toured the country far and wide in his classic repertory, meeting with unprecedented success everywhere, and cities which formerly were cold or indifferent to his art vied with

executed. "Othello," produced this last spring in splendid style, won praise from the critics, but the public did not respond, and Mr. Faversham, discouraged, gave up the fight and fled into vaudeville.

During the same season, 1912-13, Annie Russell brought her company of players to the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre and presented in turn "She Stoops to Conquer," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Rivals." Their last performance the middle of January concluded a run of nine weeks, quite an unusual feat for a classic repertory organization in

each other in honoring this splendid player. A word of praise is due the Hanford-MacLean-Tyler-Drofna combination. The company closed its tour without appearing in New York, but its experience is worthy of mention. Later these four stars joined forces for a tour of the South and Southwest in "Othello," "Julius Cæsar," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Romeo and Juliet." The tour proved to be a triumphal march, crowded houses greeting them nightly. To cap the climax of a season of worthy endeavor in a neglected field was the appearance of Tyrone Power, he having severed his connection with Mr. Faversham, as a Shakespearean star in his own right.

Tyrone Power created the profound impression that he did as Brutus in "Julius Cæsar" because he is one of our few native players of sound training and thorough experience. Much of his life he has spent in the poetic drama, old and new, and his robust and resonant performance was the fulfillment which comes from a long apprenticeship. His Brutus has placed him at the opening of a career by which the American stage should be much the richer.

In making plans for the season just closed, players and managers alike fell over themselves in the eagerness of their desire to extract some Shakespearean or classic play from the dusty book shelf and put it on the stage. Last September nine separate companies were announced to produce plays by the Bard of Avon. One would almost think William Shakespeare an aspiring dramatist in the first blush of a new and great success.

From across the Atlantic came Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott to present "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Othello." On October 2d the eminent British actor dedicated the Sam S. Shubert Theatre with his superb interpretation of "Hamlet," and the immense audiences which have greeted these two players throughout the weeks of their New York engagement are eloquent of the financial rewards and the artistic appreciation which Shakespeare and the noblest in art can evoke. In Montreal, F. R. Benson and his company, from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, began a trans-continental tour, which included nearly every city and town of importance in the United States and Canada. The company brought the scenery, costumes and other stage paraphernalia for sixteen Shakespearean productions. In addition to the more familiar plays, Mr. Benson offered two of the histories, "Henry IV," and "Richard II."

Among the American Shakespearean stars, John Drew was the first to make his appearance. The Empire Theatre opened with an elaborate production of "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Mr. Drew acted Benedick and Laura Hope Crews, Beatrice. Truth compels us



STAFFORD PEMBERTON
Classic dancer in "The Passing Show
of 1914"



Davis & Sanford
MARGERY MAUDE
Seen lately in "Grumpy" and in "Lady
Windermere's Fan"



White
JOYCE FAIR
Appearing in "The Dummy" at the Hudson

to chronicle the failure of the undertaking. Painstaking intelligence characterized Mr. Drew's attempt to regain his lost prestige in classic comedy, but his performance was deficient in breadth and amplitude of power. An uninterrupted career of twenty years in modern drawing-room comedy must of necessity narrow and debase a player's acting style. But the collapse of this initial effort to widen the scope of his powers should not act as a deterrent to further pursuit of his ideal.

The enormously successful five-weeks' season of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe at the Manhattan Opera House came as a happy refutation to the unfortunate outcome of John Drew's experiment. A lack-lustre performance of Shakespeare, like modern drama ineptly played, proves uninteresting. Shakespeare ably performed is productive of artistic and financial success. Sothern and Marlowe now have some eight Shakespearean dramas in their repertoire. Contrary to expectation, they made no new production, but Mr. Sothern, without the aid of Miss Marlowe, revived that picturesque and justly celebrated romantic drama, "If I Were King."

Robert Mantell continued in his ample and varied classical repertory. This year he gave special prominence to "King John." Wm. Winter declares the actor's interpretation of this rôle to be the finest in the history of the part on the American stage. He has a new leading woman in that accomplished and versatile actress, Thais Lawton. His daughter, Ethel Mantell, was also of the company.

Annie Russell toured the South in "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals." This winter she added "The School for Scandal" to her list.

The new idea in staging was the keynote to the classic revivals of Margaret Anglin, the newest convert to Shakespeare. Livingston Platt is the man who staged her productions, and, though a young man, he already has an enviable reputation as a master of this difficult branch of stagecraft. The power to create illusion and the suggestion of distance through the proper diffusion of light is the basis of his claim to distinction. The artistic association of such an original producer and so eloquent an actress as Margaret Anglin resulted in some superb productions of "Antony and Cleopatra," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," and Sophocles' "Electra."

If so much has been brought to fulfillment, why may we not anticipate frequent presentations of Shakespeare in the future? The crying need of our stage to-day is the classic actor and the classic play, and the only way to keep dramatic literature alive is through the frequent and competent performance of the best plays. Truly, great acting is also a rarity—that demands the player endowed with genius—but it is possible to have efficient performers by training the raw material at our hand. Even genius will never reveal itself unless properly drilled in the rudiments of acting. The only way to develop great or competent Shakespearean actors is by playing Shakespeare. Few of our leading producers offer any opportunity. In fact, the majority of our influential managers appear to know very little and care less about the preservation of genuine stage literature. We no longer have the old stock company for the disciplining of our players, nor do we have any organization which is the complement of Mr. Benson's in England. But we have such players as Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, Mr. Faversham and Miss Russell, men and women conversant with the needs of our theatre and alive to its responsibilities. They have come forward to save the day. Several permanent classic repertory companies, guided by such players as these, will do much to develop good, all-round actors and to aid our theatre in its search of lost ideals and prestige.

Modern drama has its legitimate place and function in our theatre, for it teaches the player naturalness and fidelity to life just as the classic drama makes for breadth, vigor and imagination. It would mean stagnation were the whole American stage given over to classic revivals. Life itself means growth and



Otto Sarony

GUY STANDING

This popular actor appeared recently as the Irish hero in George Scarborough's drama "At Bay"

change, and a hardy, vigorous theatre needs to be freshened and strengthened from time to time by new kinds of drama and acting.

But an overwhelming preponderance of modern drama means hasty and ill-considered activity. Mere activity is not progress; it may be the very worst form of reaction—wasted energy. True progress pursues a middle course, eradicating what is bad, retaining what is good in the old, and absorbing the fresh and invigorating in the new. Our native drama seems to be in a fair way of growing deeper and richer and stronger, but to effect a nice balance in our theatre, we need an infusion of the classics. We must turn our immediate attention to Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Sheridan and the other dramatists whose plays have been able to withstand the acid test of time.

A revulsion of feeling has swept through the American theatre and has stirred the best instincts and abilities of our dramatists and actor-managers. The seeds which they now are sowing may spring up and blossom and bear fruit in great achievements now beyond our ken. Not in years has the future of the American stage loomed so bright with big and splendid possibilities.

CHESTER THOMAS CALDER.

Harriet Ford -- A Successful Woman Dramatist

FANCY collaborators praising each other! Imagine partners in the work of writing, and, what is still more difficult, placing a play, completing their work without actual hostilities. Consider the improbability of a favorable opinion of each other surviving the anxious period of labor, followed by the still more anxious period of waiting.

Yet Harriet Ford has achieved this seeming impossibility. She has come up smiling and with humane attitude toward her associates in work, from the deep and troubled waters of play creation. If you ask her the reason, she will smile engagingly and vivaciously declare that this unusual state is because her associates

in the writing of "The Argyle Case" and "The Fourth Estate" were intelligent men. Harvey O'Higgins and Joseph Medill Patterson, bowing profoundly, reply that Miss Harriett Ford's amiability is collaboration proof, manager proof, earth proof, that collaboration with her would inevitably end, not in warfare, but mutual admiration.

Miss Ford's unlikeness to her craft persists in another conclusion. She says that instead of its being a trial to the spirit it is an absolute gain in the matter of time. "With two persons working the play is done in half the time," she says, clenching the argument with the amazing fact that she and Joseph Medill Patterson wrote "The Fourth Estate" in nine days.

Seven plays have borne her name as author on the programs. The first was "The Greatest Thing in the World." There followed "A Gentleman from France, the 'last of the swashbucklers,' the author irreverently classifies it, and describes its 'slaughter of eighteen'; the dramatization of "Audrey," "The Fourth Estate," "The Little Brother of the Rich," "The Argyle Case," and "The Dummy."

They run, you observe, the gamut from the psychological problem play to the modern detection of crime drama, including the romantic and business plays and the play of politics. It is as though an actress played Lady Macbeth and sang Eva Tanguay songs, with a fling or two at Juliet and at "The Case of Becky."

Which reminds me that Miss Ford was an actress. Although a daughter of New England and allied to the family of Jonathan Edwards, she, at risk of killing her entire family by shock, came to New York and entered the Sargent Dramatic School. She had David Belasco for teacher. He prophesied for her success as an interpreter of the plays of others. But six years of varied work, beginning with the chorus of "She," from which Charles Frohman rescued her at rehearsal by assigning her a part in the same play, and ending with three years as a leading woman for Sol Smith Russell, convinced her that her interest in the stage



Davis & Sanford

HARRIET FORD
Co-author of "The Argyle Case," "The Dummy," etc.

was that of a creator of parts rather than an interpreter of them. She began to write during her first year on the stage, while she was appearing in the Gillette plays in London. It was William Gillette, by the way, who was the stage sponsor of the debutante.

Henry Stanley was returning from Africa with Emin Pasha. A prize had been offered for the best poem celebrating his return, the poem to be printed on silk and read at the banquet tendered to the returning hero. The American girl, vibrating with the newness of her first season on the stage, won the prize from English competitors. It was that victory that determined her course as a writer. After six

years of practice in writing for the stage, while on tour, her output being a few monologues for the variety stage, she finally and forever tossed away her makeup pencil and took to her typewriting machine. She called on Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyné, then an extremely popular reader, and asked permission to write a monologue for her. When the monologue was completed, Mrs. LeMoyné's need of it had passed, but she arranged for its sale to somebody else, and Miss Ford plunged into a play for her. It was that play, "The Greatest Thing in the World," in which Mrs. LeMoyné came into stardom. It was her fortune to write plays for the first twinkling of more than one new risen star for Kyrle Bellew, returned after twelve years' absence from this country, came to play to a new generation and to make a new public for himself in "A Gentleman from France," and it was in Miss Ford's "Audrey" that Eleanor Robson began her shining.

The writing of "The Argyle Case" was the story of the pursuit of a busy man. Harvey O'Higgins, having had some journalistic coquetries with the great searcher after hidden crimes, presented him to Miss Ford, and the trio began its collaboration, the men talking of Mr. Burns' career as a crime detector, and tarrying at each of its most dramatic incidents, while the playwright did detective work of her own. She "studied her man." While Mr. Burns was unconsciously doing what criminals do at headquarters every morning, "line up," the series of stories progressed. Then came the process of selection, of elimination, and of that which is indispensable to playwriting, the massing of forces upon two or three incidents to throw them into high light.

When the play was finished the pair of playwrights visited the missing one of the dramatic triangle in Philadelphia. Miss Ford read the first act of the play to him while he was at breakfast. The second she read while he was reading notes and telegrams. She read the third while he was receiving calls and reports from his men. The fourth she endeavored to render dramatic while he was half buried in his trunk in hasty course of packing i



Photo Hartsook

BESSIE ABBOTT AS MAID MARIAN IN "ROBIN HOOD"

While he was locking the trunk he said, "It seems to be a mighty—" "What will he say?" wondered the unhappy reader. "That may be the beginning of anything"—"interesting play," went on Mr. Burns as he jumped into his overcoat and grabbed his derby. "Wish us luck!" he called back over his shoulder as he ran for his cab.

The reading of the play to Mr. A. L. Erlanger was a far different matter. At half-past eleven he called Thomas, the brunette guardian of the gates, to him, and said: "I must not be interrupted. No matter who calls in person or by telephone, I shall be engaged until I call you."

"The play was read with absolutely no interruptions," said Miss Ford. "Mr. Erlanger was enabled to concentrate wholly upon it. I have since understood his success. Last week I read a play to a manager under opposite circumstances. There was a steady stream of telephones, messengers and callers. The man could not follow the thread of the play and, of course, he did not take it."

"Why read plays?" I asked.

"Because if I sent the manuscripts they might not be read, and I can explain and make suggestions as I read."

"How do you persuade them to listen?"

"It is understood that if they don't let me read the play to them they don't get the play."

The progress of a play from the inception of the idea to the glorious or ignoble first night of production is in four strides, or as often happens, limps. "First the writing, then the placing, and with that I would like to stop," said Miss Ford. "But the selection of the cast is inevitable. And there is the first night."

Miss Ford paused with the gasping sign that sums a player's sensations on a première. Those of an author, it appears, are no less poignant.

"I heard Maxine Elliott say a first night is like being run over by the Twentieth Century Express," I remarked.

"It is like a railroad collision," agreed Miss Ford.

"How did you and your collaborators divide your work?"

"When Mr. Patterson and I wrote 'The Fourth Estate,' we equally divided our labor. He wrote the first act while I was writing the second. Then he wrote the third while I was writing the fourth. Mr. O'Higgins and I have a slower and more satisfactory method. He calls at my apartment or I go down to

his country home on Long Island, and we spend five hours a day, two and a half hours in the morning and two and a half in the afternoon, at work. We talk over a scene until we decide upon the lines. If he thinks of one upon which we agree he writes it, or if I hit upon one that pleases us I write it. I sit at my desk and Mr. O'Higgins does a great deal of walking around. The country homes of my collaborators were ideal places to work. Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. O'Higgins were invaluable audiences and critics. Our writing of 'The Dummy' was done in the same way. Mr. O'Higgins and I have carried the play along in quite the same method."

"Do you think a man and a woman are the ideal playwriting partners?"

"Yes; if there be a partnership, that is the ideal one. A woman knows more of a woman's motives and thoughts and a man more of a man's.

So the psychology of the characters is well balanced. In other words, a man knows more about a man and a woman knows more about a woman."

"What do you think of the merits of a man and a woman playwright?"

Miss Ford, out of her experience and success, made amazing answer: "I think usually a woman is miscast as a playwright!"

"Why do you say that, being so successful yourself?"

"Generally she for some reason lacks one or both of the two essentials. Either she hasn't the dramatic instinct or she hasn't the constructive faculty, the power to build. In other words, she isn't an architect."

While I made my adieux to the most beautiful of the feminine playwrights of our playwriting line, I saw a faint, isolated line running diagonally between the "life" and "heart" line in her palm.

"A palmist told me that line indicated that I would be a successful architect," she laughed.

Miss Ford has displayed remarkable self-restraint and business acumen to have avoided a feminist subject thus far for her plays. Perhaps some of the restraint and acumen was a masculine contribution to the playwright alliance.

Miss Ford refuses to promise never to write a play on a feminine theme.

"Two feminine traits we must put the soft pedal on when we vote," she said. "One is credulity. The other is our tendency to hero worship." ADA PATTERSON.



Hall

ANN MURDOCK

Now appearing in "A Pair of Sixes" at the Longacre



Mishkin

KITTY CHEATHAM

Well-known American diseuse who gave her last recital of this season at the Lyceum Theatre recently



DAVIDOFF



DAVIDOFF IN HIS STUDY



GAY AS IVAN THE TERRIBLE

Russia's Greatest Comedian

ONE of the best-loved men in Russia is the actor, Davidoff. Peculiar is the genius of this comedian, unique has been his share in the upbuilding of a native classic drama, extraordinarily simple and winsome is his personality, enviable is his hold on the hearts of Russian theatre-goers. I have sat as a guest in his spacious, crimson box

in the great Imperial Theatre in Petersburg, have seen him play "Rasputin" in the fifty-year-old Russian classic, "The Wedding of Krichinsky," have laughed to tears merely to see him walk across the stage and pronounce two words, have applauded wildly with hundreds of others who had risen to their feet to do him honor. On the street and in the street cars of Petersburg he is known at sight by his tremendous size and beaming, friendly face; the people make way for him, doff their hats to him, and greet him with unbounded enthusiasm and appreciation. In his home—a home of actors—he is ingenuous and unaffected.

Known as "Vladimir Nicholievitch Davidoff," this actor's real name is Ivan Nicholievitch Goréloff. He was born in the province of Poltavsky sixty-three years ago. He was educated in Kief, Tombof and Moscow, acted "supper-is-served, sir" parts for ten years in strolling companies, and at thirty-three years of age set out to try his fortune in the Czar's capital. Davidoff never attended a dramatic school. He has learned his business on the stage itself, and fame came very slowly.

He has acted in some seven hundred plays, and has "starred" in rôles all the way from the woman Match-Maker in Gogol's "Marriage," to Tartufe in the Molière classic, Gloster in "King

Lear," and Falstaff in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." The Russian people have given Davidoff two great jubilees, one on the completion of twenty-five years of acting, another on the rounding out of forty years activity on the Russian stage and twenty-five years on the Imperial stage. In spite of his size and age, Davidoff still possesses the joyous spirit of youth, still goes his daily arduous round of acting and teaching, finding a zest and pleasure in it all—save the preliminary "making-up." He confesses to a hearty dislike for climbing in and out of property clothes!

A more artless, sincere, naïve art than that of Davidoff's it would be impossible to imagine. The Russian classic drama, fortunately, is lacking in mechanical surprises, carefully timed "big scenes," artificial, improbable stage tricks, and slap-stick comedy and farce. Russian drama is Russian life. The best acting, therefore, is merely creation of character, the impersonation of a rôle on the stage as near life as possible, the only difference being that on the stage there is need for a certain intensity of tone and manner which will help carry impressions across the footlights. The actors are members, teachers and pupils of a government school of dramatic art which, together with the theatre itself, enjoys a subsidy of a million dollars a year from the Czar. There are no advertisements, no press agents, no *claque*, no orchestra, no ticket "scalpers," no "featuring" of anyone or anything save those intonations and gestures which genius alone can discover and which limn so vividly the sketchy outlines of personality.



HODOTOFF AS HAMLET



URIEFF
As Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice"



INTERIOR OF THE ALEXANDER THEATRE



C. A. VARLAMOFF
One of the most popular of Russian comedians

Davidoff's best rôle, perhaps, is that of the tipsy, naïve, dull-witted Raspuiff in "The Marriage of Krichinsky," a standard comedy at the Alexander Theater. The fat servant's pitiful manner of slow and wrong thinking, his canine worship of his worthless master, his amusing narration of disasters that befell him in a gambling house, his first encounter with English boxing, and how he got worsted in three fist fights in twenty-four hours, his habit of forgetting how many children he has, in this part, almost devoid of any particular dramatic or emotional moments. Davidoff discovers endless comic possibilities and realizes them with an art of sympathetic understanding and refreshing spontaneity, imbued with a purely Russian flavor.

In the play, "Maria Ivanovna," Davidoff, in the character of a priest, enters alone into the room of a home where the family are in mourning. The priest examines a portrait, listens, thrums meditatively with his fingers on the table, pauses, heaves a deep sigh, and walks slowly out again. Not a word is said; yet the comment of gesture and manner are so absolutely natural, so eloquent with feeling, that the audience is moved instinctively to tears.

Once a pupil in one of Davidoff's classes in dramatic art approached him with this question: "Vladim'r Nicholich, can you not tell me in one sentence the secret of good acting?" Immediately Davidoff replied: "Zheet! Zheet! Zheet!" ("Live! Live! Live!") At another time a young girl, beautiful and ambitious, lured by stage life, came to him for advice: "What must I do to learn to act?" "First, get into an aeroplane," the comedian replied, "fly up toward heaven, and ask God if you have talent or not. If so, you may begin; if not—better not." Once I pressed him for a further elaboration of his theory of acting and got the following reply: "A good actor is like a sponge. He absorbs the essence of a given rôle as a sponge absorbs water. When he acts, he is like a sponge being squeezed—he *gives out* what he has absorbed. A poor actor is like a brick. He absorbs some understanding of his character, to be sure, as a brick does moisture, but he cannot as he desires *give out* what he has absorbed, even as a brick cannot be squeezed."

Davidoff's unique place in the theatrical history of Russia is his service in fostering a native school of dramatic writing. Russia has never produced a predominately great dramatist. For her dramas she has had to depend upon the literary by-products of authors whose gifts lay for the most part in other lines. The greatest drama in the Russian tongue, for instance, Gogol's comedy, the "Revizor," was written at a friendly suggestion from the poet, Pushkin. The average Russian play is weak in theme. There are no clashes, no uplifts, no dominating ideas, no

invention. Often they are little more than mere dialogues, beginning nowhere and ending where they started. A spectator, seeing them, is often reminded of the slow-moving, delightfully phrased, plotless Congrevian comedy of manners. Such a school of dramatic writing can obviously exist only with the help of the most sympathetic and finished acting.

Davidoff, Varlámoff, Apollónski, Sávina, Machurina, Vacílieva, Strélskaya, have been endowed with the understanding and genius to save these rich comedies and tragedies from being banished from the Russian stage.

The school of acting now centred about Davidoff does not succeed with the more brilliant plays adapted from other tongues nearly so well as it does with the philosophical, literary, native product. I have seen the curtain go up at the Alexander Theater at a performance of "Hamlet" with less than fifty spectators in the auditorium! English, French, German and Spanish plays are for the most part presented in the privately owned theatres of Petersburg. In the Imperially subsidized Mihílovski Theater, foreign plays are presented throughout the season in the original tongue, French imitations standing first in favor. The typical Russian theatre-going crowds, however, gather at the Alexander Theater. There, every day of the week except Saturday and holidays, one may find stagings of plays by Ostrófski, Gogol, Tchéhof, Tolstoi and Tourgenieff. Many of their plays have been played half a thousand times, and even to-day make an almost weekly appearance in the repertory. The theatre is generally full. Indeed, it is often necessary to stand in line for an hour or two in order to secure a ticket.

Russian theatregoers care more to see acting than the play. In Russia, acting is the thing.

Russian acting is so natural, so untheatrical, so human, that one is not surprised to find the actors themselves a singularly gracious and likable class of people. Indeed, the simplicity, modesty and humility of Slavonic character lend a peculiar charm to the private lives of Russia's men of fame and genius. Exceptional as is the treat of seeing Davidoff rollick through a comedy in the Alexander Theater, I prize even more the pleasant hours I have spent with him in his home. Sitting with him and other actors in his luxurious studio, whose walls are covered with portraits and statues of famous actors and lined by a library of the classic dramatic masterpieces of the world; listening in the music room with them to the playing of Chopin by some famous Russian musician, a chance guest of the evening, or sitting at table with the brilliant company enjoying the unique Russian two-o'clock midnight feast, or *oozhen*—on these occasions the great comedian sits quietly and smiling in the place of honor, like a great ancient baron of



THE CONCERT STAGE IN THE GRAND SALOON OF S. S. "VATERLAND"
The main lounge of the "Vaterland," which is large and sumptuous, is provided with a concert stage and dancing floor

(Continued on page 41)



Margaret Romaine



Hazel Dawn

Sisters of the Stage

SISTERS have always played a prominent part on the American stage. While the so-called theatrical families have contributed many daughters to the profession, by far the largest number have come from

families in private life. One daughter has taken up a stage career and succeeded, with the result that a younger sister has followed in her footsteps. Often the younger sister has become as well known as her predecessor. Gertrude and Maxine Elliott, Florence and Mary Nash, Mabel and Edith Taliaferro, Chrystal and Julie Herne, Blanche and Frances Ring, are only a few of the more famous sisters in this category. Their relationship is well known to every theatre-goer.

But there are other equally well-known actresses on our stage who are sisters whose relationship is known only to their intimates. Having taken different stage names, the fact that they are sisters is unsuspected by the theatre-going public. And as their respective careers on the stage are separate, as a rule no effort is made by the managers to make known their real relationship.

Who, for instance, is aware that Miss Marguerite Leslie, who was recently seen in "The Secret," is a sister of Miss Martha Hedman, the young Swedish actress who made such a favorable impression in Bernstein's play, "The Attack"? Who is aware that Miss Janet Beecher and Miss Olive Wyndham, two of the most popular actresses



Julie Herne

Chrystal Herne

on our stage, are daughters of the same parents? Their relatives and friends, of course. But their audiences never guess it—for the simple reason that the sisters have dissimilar names and always appear in different companies.

No one would ever guess that Miss Margaret Romaine, who appeared in "The Midnight Girl," is a sister of Miss Hazel Dawn, of musical comedy fame; that Miss Marion Mosby, who played a leading rôle in "The Doll Girl," is a sister of Miss Beverley Sitgreaves, the well-known dramatic actress, or that Miss Katherine Florence (Mrs. Fritz Williams) is the sister of Miss Eleanor Moretti. Yet they are of the same flesh and blood. And there are many others who are also related.

The well-advertised "Madame?" of vaudeville is no other

than the twin sister of Marie McFarland, who always appears in the same bill. Miss Christine Mangasarian, the sou-brette of "The Beauty Shop," Raymond Hitchcock's latest



Martha Hedman

Marguerite Leslie



Copyright Lizzie Caswall Smith

Gertrude Elliott

Maxine Elliott

vehicle, is a sister of Miss Flora Zabelle (Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock).

Perhaps the most interesting of these unusual sisters are Miss Martha Hedman and Miss Marguerite Leslie. Miss Hedman is known as a Swedish actress—Miss Leslie as an English actress—who is making her

first appearances in America. As a matter of fact, both are Swedish—Hedman is the family name.

Miss Leslie took her name when she went to London. For several years she appeared in Charles Frohman's companies in the British capital, and became so thoroughly identified with the English stage that she is considered an English actress. She is the elder of the two sisters. Her success on the stage encouraged her sister to take up a similar career, but Miss Martha Hedman remained in Sweden until she came to America to be John Mason's leading woman. Her appearance in "Indian Summer" last fall was short-lived, and she was seen later in London with Sir George Alexander in "The Attack" and "The Two Virtues." Miss Leslie recently appeared as Henriette in Henri Bernstein's play, "The Secret," at the Belasco Theatre, this city.

Miss Olive Wyndham, recently seen in Geo. Scarborough's play, "The Last Resort," took up a stage career for the same reason as Miss Hedman. Her elder sister, Miss Janet Beecher, has met with marked success behind the footlights, and she decided to emulate her. Their family name is neither

Beecher nor Wyndham—but the simple and unromantic one of Quinn. Recently Miss Beecher, whose artistic work in "The Concert," and more recently in "The Great Adventure," is well remembered, changed her name again when she married.

Few well-known actresses have so many sisters on the stage as Miss Hazel Dawn, who leaped into fame over night in "The Pink Lady." Four sisters have followed in her footsteps. One of them, Miss Margaret Romaine, has already played a leading rôle in a New York production. Another is in grand opera. Still another has appeared in vaudeville under her real name, Tout. For Miss Hazel Dawn and her four sisters are the daughters of James Tout, a Mormon of Ogden, Utah.

"Madame?" who is Miss Mary McFarland, twin sister of Miss

Marie McFarland, also comes from the West. The twins were born in Leavenworth, Kansas, and McFarland is their real name. Not only are they exactly similar in appearance, but



Edith Taliaferro

Mabel Taliaferro



Mary McFarland

Marie McFarland



Janet Beecher



Olive Wyndham



Blanche Ring

Frances Ring



Mary Nash

Florence Nash

(Continued on page 39)



DURING long hours spent behind a box-office window, I have

Confessions of a Ticket Seller

read all sorts of confessions, pleas for sympathy from murderers, nuns, burglars and opium-eaters. During my theatrical career I have travelled through most of our States; I have met and talked with men in almost every calling, from opera impresarios to Methodist ministers, and I am firm in my conviction that theatre box-office work is the worst paid and the most ungrateful work in the world.

You will answer, "Oh, I don't know. Think of all the fun and excitement a theatre ticket seller must have. He is in close touch with the stage, on speaking terms with all the stars. Only the manager himself seems to exceed him in importance." Yes, but the public is not permitted to see the seamy side. While theatregoers are inside enjoying the play, they do not see the poor ticket seller trying frantically to balance his cash and tickets. Merely by mentioning the word "balance" when talking to a box-office man, you can tell how long he has been behind the bars by the expression of resignation on his face.

Then there is the manager—a person of pompous appearance and vast importance, in his own eyes, who struts about finding fault. The manager is the ticket seller's natural enemy. Keeping loftily aloof from his treasurer (such is the box-office man's empty title), and affecting a dignified reserve, he nevertheless depends on his subordinate to do all kinds of unpleasant work—discharge husky ushers whom the manager, if the truth were known, fears to meet, decapitate scrub women and placate creditors. When business is bad, he blames the treasurer for not selling enough tickets; when it is good, he blames him because he does not sell more. Manager, oh, hateful being! How often in the darkness of the night, to sooth my ruffled pride, have I planned to hari-kari him!

The reader will smile, and jabbing me in the ribs inquire, with a knowing wink: "But how about all those soubrettes and chorus girls?" I plead innocence, and may add that grease paint and rouge hid much homeliness and virtue. Some of the best women and mothers I have ever known are earning an honest livelihood prancing in tights and warbling before the bald-headed row.

Conditions in the show business have changed considerably during the last ten years. Old and honored traditions are disregarded by the newcomers. There was a time when it was thought necessary to serve an apprenticeship in the show business, but now butchers and bakers swarm into the game, all eager to take a chance with the theatrical dice. The green room, the social centre of the old school theatre, has long since disappeared. Land values are too high even to allow of building stages large enough for a production. The actor alone is benefited by the new order of things. Salaries undreamed of in the past are paid to actors to-day, but the poor devils in the box-office in most cases suffer from the other extreme.

There was a time when the treasurer or ticket seller was considered a person of importance, but he has rapidly shrunk to the status of a street car conductor, and his legitimate earning capacity is little better. I say legitimate because human in-

genuity, unless held in check by strong principles, will take advantage of op-

portunity. Human nature is weak and is often unable to resist temptation. One may ask if the employer who places large responsibility in the same cage with ridiculously small pay, and expects them to harmonize, is not as much to blame for subsequent wrong doing as the employee who finds a quasi justification for his peculations in the difference between what he renders and receives. The employer when confronted with this fact will tell you that as soon as he discovers the slightest crookedness he discharges his clerk and gets another at the same salary. If one person will not work for a small salary, another will. The woods are full of people looking for a chance to get enough to eat. This process of thief-making goes on, and who is to blame?

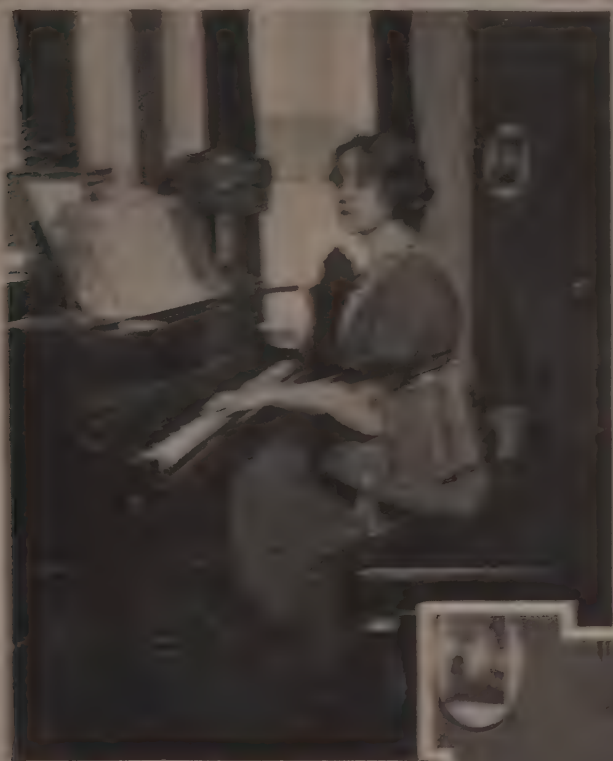
Every ticket seller, no matter how good-tempered and affable by nature, sooner or later becomes a confirmed pessimist. Yet he has given you so many good seats that you can forgive him his seeming irritation. Remember, when you judge him so hastily, that he may have troubles of his own. If theatregoers ever have to answer for pain inflicted on others, some of the ladies (God bless 'em!) will have their hands full explaining away their heartrending behavior at the box-office window.

Theatre-goers often wonder why they can't get seats nearer than the tenth or twelfth row, and they go away from the window accusing the ticket seller of collusion with the speculator. In some cases, possibly, they are right, although in justice to myself and most of my colleagues, I insist that the average ticket seller is honest. The day of the ticket speculator is over. Some of them are near starvation, and the sensible ticket seller is hardly likely to be tempted to enter into such a dangerous co-partnership. Still, the first ten rows are usually missing at the box office. You will find them at the ticket agencies in hotels, and you can have them by paying a half dollar bonus. How do they get there? Don't ask the treasurer. Ask the manager. He can tell you that he allows a favorite agency or a number of them to take from the box office the first ten rows for six or eight weeks in advance. Then the public is allowed to hand over their good money for what remains. The agency gives a certified check for what it takes, and has the privilege of returning up to twenty-five per cent. of its purchase, if they are unable to dispose of them. This preference accorded the agencies is easily explained. Of two big theatrical concerns in New York City it is suspected in one case, and in the other an established fact, that they own or control the largest of these agencies.

There is hardly a human trait that is not being continually disclosed before the weary ticket seller. One of the prevalent types is the exact man—more often the woman—who *must* sit in the absolute centre of the theatre, who will ask five or six times if the seats are behind a post, and after making several dozen minute surveys of the diagram, will come back and state that he wants the tickets, not for to-night, but for Saturday matinée, or that he had made a mistake, and does not want them for this theatre, but for another.

Then we have the man with his girl. I am about to sell him

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES



two of the highest price seats, both of us smiling and getting along famously, until her ladyship sniffs foul play. Man proposes, woman disposes. "I don't like those seats," she says airily. "Why do you listen to him, dear?"

She gives me a vicious, owl-like look through her lorgnette as though I were a specie of some loathsome horned toad. Poor man, he looks at me mutely, saying, "You understand, old pal, let me down easy," and passes on.

Professional pride and the ever-present manager prompts us to handle every individual and exigency with the skill and grace of a French dancing master. When the human hog, after jostling other buyers on his way to the window, demands the best seat in the house, which has probably been sold for two or three weeks back, he must be met with the same apparent welcome as anyone else. But patience has its limits, even the patience of a ticket seller. Sometimes it happens that, in answer to an uncalled for and biting remark by the ticket buyer, the man behind the window sends back a jolter straight from the shoulder. He has learned from much observation what to say, and when he does answer he seldom fails to make the needed impression.

Next we have the somnambulist, who confronts you at the window, stares speechlessly at the diagram, then suddenly wakes up, and repays your indulgent smiles with some caustic remarks more or less personal. There is not another calling where so many pearls are cast before swine. Yet it is but justice to add that many box-office patrons are ladies and gentlemen in the best sense of the words, and when one of these is encountered, the best in the house is hardly good enough for them.

The beggar with his "God bless ye" is a regular caller at the box-office window, so also is the flim-flam man, who asks for fifty single bills for a fifty-dollar certificate, then suddenly changes his mind, slips back the roll, and wants his big bill back and tries to get away before you discover that he has taken ten or more dollars

from fifty singles. But the worst pest we have to put up with is the chronic story-teller, especially the one who keeps his notes in a little book, and when he has finished his sixteenth yarn, and we are thinking the torture over, opens his prompt book and starts all over again.

One of the few types that give us real pleasure is the veteran actor, full of theatrical reminiscences, who has set up the old celebrities in niches and worships them with fanatical devotion long after the play-going public has forgotten them. Time exacts a heavy toll in any profession, but in the show business laurels fade with great rapidity. Murdoch, Cushman, Forrest! Who of the present generation knows anything about those giants of the stage, yet when some old vendor of metal polishes or rat poison sets down his wares and lingers for a few minutes, perhaps hours, in front of the window, and conjures up memories of names growing dim or already forgotten, reciting Shakespeare by the yard and telling how he supported Booth and Barrett, we listen with pleasure. We know that he supported them by carrying a spear or a kerosene torch, but why destroy the feeling of comradeship with the great dead which to-day is the only cherished memory he has left?

Once in a while something happens that never fails to cause a laugh. One man, laden with suit cases, came rushing up to the window and asked for a ticket for Rochester, and thought we were jesting with him when we told him that the Grand Central Terminal was a few blocks to the East. Another leaped from a street car, hustled up the lobby, threw three cents on the window and shouted, "How soon does the boat leave?"

Ladies of all ages, from fourteen years to sixty, expect us to give them the pedigree of the leading man and a complete record of all the scandals connected with his name. Johnnies enlist our aid to gain the acquaintance of such and such a young woman, so many to the right in the front rank of the chorus. We must refuse, yet try not to offend.

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Photos copyright Moffett, Chicago

1. Kirah Markham, appearing in "The Lure." 2. Dorothy Webb, seen in "The Doll Girl." 3. Bessie Wynne, in vaudeville.

Strindberg and Bjornson

THE first meeting between Strindberg and Bjornson took place in Paris and was not without its influence on Strindberg's development.

When Bjornson had lectured in Stockholm and Upsala his audiences, carried away by his force and enthusiasm, came away feeling as though they had been present at a death struggle. A storm of feeling swept over the city and country; it was as though a magician had passed that way.

Strindberg, then at the beginning of his career, had avoided a meeting, fearing that in Bjornson he would meet a stronger character, one that would overwhelm him, it was fear, also, of being drawn into political and factional fights and this same fear had been the reason of his refusal, after the production of "The Red Room," of an invitation which would have meant his meeting with the leaders of the "Young-Denmark" party.

After Strindberg arrived in Paris, Bjornson wrote expressing a desire to meet one with whom he had many thoughts and ideas in common, and inviting Strindberg to his house, but, as before, Strindberg declined, fearing to meet the man he believed to be so much stronger than himself. Strindberg's ideas and ideal of Bjornson was not alone the result of all that he had heard and read, but his mental picture of the man was drawn from two pictures he had seen: one of Bjornson in his early youth, at the time of his writing "Synnove," and the other at a later date. The first showed a dark-bearded, hypochondriacal face of a young man, the later picture was a large head with a lion's mane, eyes which, from under brows as heavy as an ordinary young man's moustache, seemed to flash fire through large spectacles, and a mouth firm and strong, the whole face one of extraordinary power and character. This was the Bjornson that Strindberg feared to meet.

Some time after his refusal of Bjornson's invitation, Strindberg returned to his home in Neuilly to find Bjornson waiting for him. But the man he saw in the afternoon twilight, while strongly built, was not an unusual type, his appearance was rather that of a middle-class tradesman, lacking even in the appearance of refinement expected of genius. His voice, while low and friendly, had almost a timid note, he spoke as one speaks to a sick person. (Indeed, Strindberg was at this time a sick man, as he was suffering from some nervous illness.)

After they had taken measure of each other, as men do under such circumstances they opened their hearts, finding many points of congeniality as well as a similarity of their positions to bind them together. For Bjornson had, through his ambition, lost his friends of the liberal party in Norway, and through "The King" had killed his popularity with the people—for this piece was regarded as a scandal and little short of high treason and last, his "Glove" had been a failure at Hamburg.

Strindberg felt that as a god Bjornson had been overthrown and that they were now in a measure equal. Indeed, he came to believe after a few meetings that he himself had the wider knowledge and better judgment in many things. But out of sympathy and pity for Bjornson's lost popularity and ambitions Strindberg put aside his criticism, in fact, he felt an extraordinary security with this once powerful man, and his feeling was almost that of a son toward Bjornson, while Bjornson on his side had a fatherly feeling for his friend.

Strindberg became, in a way, a disciple of Bjornson's, who became his father confessor and his conscience. Bjornson preached that one must write with love, and to let politics alone, while in the meantime he betrayed himself in hatred for the king and told who the people were who stood for the characters of his drama "Beyond Our Strength." Yet he was so lovable in an almost childlike way that Strindberg found criticism impossible and Strindberg was one of those who could deny nothing to a friend, least of all to build friendship on self-interest. Perhaps



Mishkin

MARGARET ROMANE
Who played the title rôle in "The Midnight Girl"

the basis of friendship is, more often than we realize, the desire to be loved, or the desire to love—a basis that means much when two people hold the same desire in equal proportions, two who contribute equally to the cause of friendship.

Strindberg felt his own unpopularity keenly in Sweden and looked for such healing as friendship could give. Bjornson on his side was a poet, a man of complex and varying personality; there were traits of priestly character, the padre who controls his little flock, intolerant of contradiction, there was a slyness that is a characteristic of the northern peasant, there was a theatrical side to him, a seeking for effect and there was a tribune of the people who would wake and rouse to action his followers. The deeply Christian side was shown in various forms, he demanded moral purity and he used many scriptural phrases. But in spite of all he had the character of a lovable child. Strindberg tells of two rows of short, worn-out teeth, and when Bjornson smiled he was reminded of the milk teeth of a child.

Bjornson's sense of humor was slow and he was not quick to see a joke; he listened at first with suspicion and laughed with heartiest abandon when he at last realized. This was Bjornson's personality, but this Strindberg did

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LOIE FULLER



MR. AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE



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ANNA PAVLOWA

RECENTLY a prominent vaudeville manager offered Mme. Pavlova \$60,000 for ten weeks' engagement for herself alone. The offer was refused.

Evolution of Modern Stage Dancing

de Rosa and Cavalazzi. The first three danced in spectacles,

ager offered Mme. Pavlova \$60,000 for ten weeks' engagement for herself alone. The offer was refused.

"Why should I dance in the variety theatres, when I can fill the Metropolitan Opera House and Carnegie Hall? My managers have been forced to secure an even larger auditorium, the Madison Square Garden, to accommodate those unable to obtain seats."

The famous Russian dancer did not wish to cast reflection on vaudeville theatres so much as to impress the two-a-day magnate with her importance. Yet it would not be the first time she has appeared on the variety stage. She has danced in London music halls almost every year since her name became one to conjure with.

"But I offered you more money for ten weeks than the great Bonfanti earned throughout her entire career," pleaded the vaudeville manager. "Why not engage Bonfanti, then?" retorted Pavlova.

The vaudeville manager of to-day is an astute showman. Stranger things may happen than that a Hammerstein may yet act on Pavlova's suggestion, for the great Bonfanti, whose marvelous toe-dancing amazed theatregoers half a century ago, still lives. The same Bonfanti, who in the late '60's and early '70's was the stellar attraction of "The Black Crook," at Niblo's Garden, not only is yet with us, but she is still dancing and presides over a school of choreography, where many of the dancers of this generation have been taught all they know of the Terpsichorean art.

But between the era of Bonfanti and that of the Pavlova, there is a wide gulf. Times have changed. Fifty years ago the toe-dancer was regarded as an objectionable feature of grand opera. In fact, it was not until Col. J. H. Mapleson came here with Her Majesty's Opera Company in the early '80's that the introduction of a ballet in opera was an attraction worth while, and then it was the beautiful Cavalazzi—Mapleson's daughter-in-law—who created a furore hardly less sensational than that caused by Pavlova's advent.

Up to the time of Cavalazzi's début at the old Academy of Music on East Fourteenth Street, all of the great toe-dancers came from Italy. The four greatest were Bonfanti, Morlachi,

such as "The Black Crook," "The Twelve Temptations" and "The White Fawn." Bonfanti married a young banker, named Hoffmann, who built the theatre which still stands at Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue. Morlachi was wedded to the great scout "Texas Jack," W. H. Omnohundro. All four established dancing schools in New York. Cavalazzi had her studio up to a few months ago in the Metropolitan Opera House building, and she has provided the majority of the dancers who now appear at New York's operatic institutions.

After "The Black Crook" had a two-years' run at Niblo's Garden it was revived due to the failure of other spectacles in which fortunes had been sunk. The public had begun to tire of the Italian type of toe-dancer, over which it had raved for so long, and the management of Niblo's decided that something new must be discovered with which to attract the crowds.

The fame of the Kiralfys, who were sensationally successful in Hungary, had reached New York. An agent was dispatched to Budapest to report on their dancing with a final result that the three brothers and as many sisters sailed for New York. At their début they scored an unequivocal hit. The vogue of the Kiralfys lasted more than fifteen years and was only ended through fatalities to the Kiralfy sisters. All three married in America and left the stage. Two have died. The third is in an asylum at Stamford.

The Kiralfy Brothers all became producers in this country. Arnold, the youngest, was the only one of the three to continue dancing. The latter died five years ago, the other two brothers still live. Imre is rated as a millionaire. For twenty years he has lived in London, where he provides the great pageantry for the famous Earls Court Exhibitions. Bolossy is in America, where he has large interests. He also stages vast spectacles here.

After the Kiralfys had had a prolonged vogue and the sisters were no longer a novelty, the craze for the Hungarian style of dancing abated, and the managerial eye was directed toward the London Gaiety Theatre, where the skirt dance—a new craze—had developed. George Edwardes, the English manager, saw a fortune for himself in this country and he brought over here the complete organization from the famous Strand playhouse. Although the company included Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie,



Portrait of Mary Thomas in the costume of the 17th century. (From the collection of the National Portrait Gallery, London.)



IRENE ROMAIN

Lately seen in Owen Davis' play, "The Family Cupboard"

together with a wonderful array of English blondes, the real furore was created by Letty Lind and Sylvia Grey. The skirt dance packed the Standard Theatre, now the site of Gimbel's Department Store, for eight months. For more than five years every burlesque and musical comedy company show featured its own Gaiety dancers, while the dancing academies all over the country enjoyed an unparalleled period of prosperity in the effort to provide "Gaiety girls" for the variety theatres, and even the dime museums, then in their zenith, flourished to an extent that caused an utter scarcity of chorus girls. The latter jumped their engagements to become Gaiety dancers at \$50 a week, instead of \$18 in the Merry-Merry.

Around the "Rialto" the producers were on the alert for a novelty in the dancing line for more than three years after the skirt dance had ceased to attract. Nothing happened, however, until along about 1889 a young actress, noted for her versatility, appeared unheralded in a comic opera, "L'Oncle Celestin," at the Casino. The actress was Loie Fuller and she exhibited a novelty in the Terpsichorean line that was destined to provide hundreds of young women with a compelling medium with which to tempt the managerial purse.

"The serpentine dance," which Loie Fuller originated, was unquestionably the greatest boon for dancers, amateurs as well as professionals, that stage history can record to this day. The serpentine craze at once became an epidemic in every country. Miss Fuller had neglected to protect her ingenious creation, although for a period the light effects were kept a secret.

But it was not until Miss Fuller made her début at the

Folies Bergères in Paris and was there hailed as "La Loie" that the serpentine dance craze reached the epidemic stage. Famous society women of the French capital capitulated, a few lessons sufficed to render the novice as competent as the professional.

Loie Fuller became the Parisian idol. The French people saw nothing more in "La Loie" than a mere exponent of a new art. They went wild over her classic poses and immaculate figure. One daring French woman was actually induced to do the serpentine dance in a cage wherein were confined two ferocious lions.

Loie came direct to America from her Paris triumph and prominent actresses stormed the theatre where she was dancing, bent upon copying her and revelling in the financial harvest; the majority of these enjoyed a prolonged period of prosperity, but Loie herself never fared well in her own country, not even as well as many of her imitators.

After the serpentine dance there came another lull which was broken as a result of persistent efforts of the Parisian amusement caterers to find a successor. This was accomplished in the Apache dance, still potent abroad as well as here, but no such craze developed as for the earlier and far less difficult dances. The Apache dance required unusual ability, dramatic as well as Terpsichorean, and all of its interpreters have been experienced, all-around dancers or else competent actors.

The advent of the art dancer immediately preceded that of the Pavlova or Russian craze, but the "art" dancer was introduced in an environment so elaborate and so costly that no incentive had been provided for a real craze, in fact, the distinctly musical side of art dancing had made the greater public appeal. The first to come

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Strauss-Peyton

RUTH SHEPLEY

To appear next season in "It Pays to Advertise"



SUMO-KO MATSUI



URAJI YAMAKAWA



SADA YACCO



CHIYE-KO SATO

ALTHOUGH it was a woman, **Leading Actresses of Japan**

Okuni, who is

widely contrasting rôles. Chiye-ko Sato, also of the

credited with the founding of the Japanese stage, the actress has been under the ban of the authorities for several hundred years, feminine parts in the plays always being taken by men, as in the time of Shakespeare. The present craze in Japan for women on the stage is of very recent date, and began with the establishment of a school for actresses in connection with the most modern playhouse in Japan, the Imperial Theatre of Tokyo.

For the past two years the graduates of this school have been petted and spoiled by the public, the newspapers daily commenting on their good looks and kimonos rather than on their ability to act. As a natural consequence a fever for the stage has seized all classes of young women, factory and office girls, students, young society women pining away because of unrequited love, even farm girls in the remote country districts who wish to imitate their ambitious city sisters.

Among the prominent actresses at the Imperial Theatre is Ritsu-ko Mori, the daughter of a Member of Parliament. She was educated at the Peeress' School in Tokyo and was one of the first girls of good family to break through the prejudice that has existed for hundreds of years against actorfolk who have been regarded as among the lowest in the social scale. Miss Mori is



RITSU-KO MORI

now in London and will later go to Paris to study the Western stage and bring back fresh ideas for her own work in the Imperial Theatre. She is particularly successful in comic rôles. Kikue Kawamura, daughter of a Tokyo novelist, is also popular at the Imperial Theatre, while Nami-ko Hatsuse is seen in tragic or sad rôles, and has appeared as one of the sisters in Maeterlinck's "The Death of Tintagiles." Kaku-ko Murata, who stands at the head of the Imperial Theatre actresses, is possessed of much originality and takes

Imperial Theatre, has made a great success in modern farce.

Sada Yacco, who visited Europe and America a number of years ago, is generally regarded abroad as the leading Japanese actress. She was a geisha at the beginning of her career, but came into fame with her husband, the late Kawakami, who founded the modern stage of Japan. For years she was the only woman of prominence upon the stage, and there was no one to contest her claim, but to-day she finds herself somewhat in the background with the rising into public favor of the modern young women who have been specially trained for their profession. With the death of her husband, Sada Yacco lost her hold still more, and now is seldom seen on the stage. She expects to leave soon for a visit to New York and London.

Two of the foremost interpreters of rôles in Western translations are Sumo-ko Matsui and Uraji Yamakawa. Miss Matsui has appeared as Ophelia, as Nora in "A Doll's House," as Magda, Mrs. Clandon in "You Never Can Tell," and as Kathie in "Old Heidelberg." She is never seen in anything else but Western rôles, and within the next few years will go abroad to study. Uraji Yamakawa is a graduate of the Peeress' School, and her husband is the son of a member of Parliament. She has been seen as the Queen in "Hamlet," as Hedda Gabler, and as Margaret in "Faust."

The leading actresses of the Imperial Theatre as well as those of minor playhouses, have all their boosting societies, the members of which pledge themselves to support their favorites. Theatre-goers who compose the Stork Society are adherents of Miss Mori; the Spring Bamboo Fence Society patronizes Miss Kawamura. One actress successfully organized a personal following of several hundred theatre-goers. Z. KINCAID.



NAMI-KO HATSUSE



KIKUE KAWAMURA

A Dramatist Who Dissects the Feminine Soul

MAURICE DONNAY, the well-known playwright, on whom the French Government has lately conferred the decoration of Commander of the Legion of Honor, has perhaps accomplished one of the most curious and brilliant literary evolutions to be recorded in modern French literature. He has lazily journeyed from the Butte Montmartre, down to the Académie Française, which venerable institution, as everybody knows, holds its sittings on the left bank of the gray, swift-flowing Seine. Maurice Donnay had no doubt a double pleasure in accomplishing this saunter, firstly because all the way from Montmartre to the Institute of France the road runs slowly downhill, and secondly because he made several delightful halts by the wayside. Most of the leading theatres of Paris are situated between Montmartre and the Quai Conti, where the noble dome of the institute dominates the quaint little place of the Collège des Quatre Nations. And when he dons his famous green-embroidered coat and assists at some grave discussion for or against the admission of such words as *esquinter* and *engueuler* in the Dictionary of the Academy, Maurice Donnay no doubt smiles that delicious smile of his while remembering his distinctly Bohemian débuts.

One evening, in 1889, a tall, slim young man climbed swiftly up the steps of the small platform which served as stage in the Cabaret du Chat Noir in the heart of Montmartre. His olive-skinned face was shaded by blue-black hair; his black eyes were very soft in expression, and his thick-lipped mouth emitted the most caressingly lazy voice. "I immediately compared him to an Annamite mandarin," says M. Jules Lemaitre, the famous writer, in narrating his first impression of Maurice Donnay, "because of the resemblance he bore to a mandarin and also because he seemed to be, as are so many eastern erudites, subtle, indolent, voluptuous and possessing a very gay, yet keen nihilism."

Maurice Donnay seemed slightly bashful. It was evidently the first time he had appeared in public. However, the *habitués* of the Cabaret seemed kindly, and he caught sight from afar, through the clouds of smoke which surrounded the amateurs of art and jokes who frequented the Black Cat, of the picturesque director of the establishment, Rodolphe Salis, le gentilhomme Salis, as he was called, winked encouragingly at his new pensioner, while welcoming with exaggerated courtesy some late-comers, whom he addressed as "*mes gentilshommes et nobles dames*." Then Maurice Donnay began to speak. He recited harmonious, mocking, delicate, ironical verses, and was enthusiastically applauded, though his audience was accustomed to hear such talented *chansonniers* as Léon Gandillot, Georges Auriol and Maurice Vaucaire. Thus encouraged, and as if to prove that although a subtle, exquisite poet he also knew how to joke, Donnay recited one of his famous fables.

When he finished the applause was deafening. From that moment Maurice Donnay was definitely consecrated a favorite of the Parisian public. For did he not possess the two qualities which are essentially Parisian—sentiment and wit? The morrow of his début at the Chat Noir, seems to have been rather a stormy one for the young *chansonnier*. In order to satisfy the ambition of his parents, he had passed the examinations of the Ecole Centrale, and been engaged as designer by a civil engineer.

But on learning the prank of his subordinate, the engineer immediately dismissed him. Donnay welcomed with joy his liberation from a career which was most distasteful to him, and henceforth he consecrated himself uniquely to literature. During two years he continued to contribute both to the cabaret of the Chat Noir, and to the review of the same name. In 1892 he

wrote his first play, "*Lysistrata*," a very free adaptation from Aristophanes, which was given at the Grand Théâtre, just founded by Porel. "*Lysistrata*" contains many reminiscences of Donnay's Montmartre days: puns abound in it, as well as political allusions. It already showed a rare elegance of construction, and the subject, though extremely licentious, is treated with infinite charm.

For three years Donnay continued to observe the charm, the turpitude, the subtlety and the meanness of life. He found therein an inexhaustible subject of study, and his observations appear in the witty dialogues called "*Education de Prince*," which appeared in the weekly illustrated *Vie Parisienne*. A few years later he drew from this sharp, ironic picture of contemporary morals a play, given at the Vaudeville in 1900.

The public was still awaiting the work which would definitely class Donnay among the leading dramatists of the day. In 1895, he published, also in *La Vie Parisienne*, a small sketch called "*Deux Amants qui se quittent*." His readers did not suppose that, from that frail, pretty *badinage* he would draw the play which has remained, and which will remain one of the finest and most human of modern comedies.

In "*Amants*" M. Donnay reveals himself as a keen and tender observer who, like the immortal Figaro of Beaumarchais, "hastens to laugh at everything to prevent himself from crying!" The very delicacy of M. Donnay's prose proves him to be a subtle poet.

The theme of "*Amants*" is almost commonplace by its sheer simplicity. Claudine Rosay and Georges Vêtheuil meet by chance; they fall in love with each other according to the ordinary processes. But the hazards of life oblige them to separate and the pain they feel is intense, almost unbearable. Some time elapses; they meet again, and are astonished to feel absolute indifference. "*Amants*" is the every-day story of ordinary pangs of jealousy and lassitude.

But the considerable success "*Amants*" enjoyed depended also on the fact that, with this play, a new tone was inaugurated on the French stage—a tone which combined mockery and emotion, sincerity, tenderness, and irony. These different sentiments succeeded each other so swiftly, correcting and completing each other, so that the spectator never knew if he should laugh or cry. At the most pathetic moment, and this is one of the chief characteristics of Maurice Donnay's talent, the author did not fear to risk a pun, or a quibble which immediately chased away the painfulness of the situation. "*Amants*" contains some of the most delightful Parisian *badinage* ever written. As Francisque Sarcey, the eminent critic declared, "It is a delicious extract of Parisianism."

The study of the vicissitudes of lovers in general has always greatly attracted M. Donnay. But the lovers he shows us in his later plays are more serious, and possess souls of perhaps a better quality than those of



MAURICE DONNAY
The brilliant Parisian dramatist and academician whom the French Government has recently created Commander of the Legion of Honor



The garden of Edmond Rostand's beautiful home at Cambon

Like Father, Like Son

AN American visitor to Cambon in the Pyrenees mountains, near the borderland of Spain, one who enjoyed the rare privilege of friendship with the Rostand family, was walking several years ago in the big garden that surrounds the Rostand villa with Maurice Rostand, son of the famous Edmond, author of plays that have achieved a world-wide celebrity. The boy was chatting of this and that, being led on by the visitor to express himself quite freely.

"I was born while my father was writing 'Cyrano de Bergerac,'" said the boy, "and during my childhood my father has written 'L'Aiglon' and 'Chantecler.' Before my mother married him she was a poetess of no mean ability, as several volumes signed by her prove. So you see I am the child of writers, and I have lived in the atmosphere, if ever any boy did in the world. So I have but one desire, and that is to become a writer myself. I want to be a playwright—and what's more, a fact that I would

dare not mention to my father, I want to write in English, for, as you see, I speak and understand English very well, and for some reason I desire to become an English playwright."

The visitor lost no time in communicating this sentiment to the father, who seemed to be surprised, but who said:

"It has come sooner than I dared to hope, but that is my greatest wish. What if we should have another case of Alexandre Dumas, father and son, each famous writers. Yes, that is what it must be."

This was several years ago, and the American visitor has frequently visited Cambon. Each time

there has been added remarks from Maurice about his play-writing intentions, and a couple of years ago, Edmond, his father, talked so much about "a second Dumas" that it was quite apparent the matter has become a veritable obsession with the celebrated author. He was not particularly enthusiastic, however, about the announcement of his son that one Rostand was enough writing in French, and that he had decided in favor of English. Rostand the elder, however, dis-



The house from the garden

missed this lightly from his mind, declaring that it was merely the passing whim of a youngster.

Thus it is strange enough that while "A Good Little Devil" was written in French and first produced in Paris, bearing the names of Maurice Rostand and his mother as authors, the play was rather looked upon as a "class" production abroad and knew nothing of what in America would be called a "run." Then it came into an American's hands, having been adapted into English, and Maurice Rostand saw one of the first great desires of his life accomplished. His first play was in English and scored a big hit in an English-speaking country, not only enjoying a run, but also a tour into the Provinces and a success that is rare among productions in Europe, particularly for a play of its general nature.

The visitor has not returned to Cambon since these happy events, and has not yet heard from the father the pleasure that is his no doubt in having arrived nearer to his goal—duplicating the history of the Dumas gentlemen.

"Autre temps, autre mœurs."

Dumas père wrote unforgettable romances and plays, but his son, more modern and of quite another day, wrote "Camille," which revolutionized the stage of his hour. The younger Dumas had written nothing of any note before he produced "Camille." His celebrated father was sceptical regarding his literary ability. The story goes that Dumas fils wrote his novel and handed the Ms. to his father to read. When the old man had finished he handed it back with the remark: "Go on, my son. You do not need any assistance from me." Rostand père, the author of those tremendous dramas like "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon," gazes into the distance and attempts to see that day, in thought, when his son shall follow "A Good Little Devil" with plays that will be worthy of the name of Rostand.



Another part of the garden at Cambon showing the lake



MAURICE ROSTAND

Son of Edmond Rostand, the French poet and dramatist



(Inset): Mrs. Minnie Herts Heniger, founder of the Children's Educational Theatre
SCENE IN "THE LITTLE PRINCESS," AS PRESENTED AT THE CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL THEATRE

The Children's Educational Theatre

LIKE Sara Crewe because she speaks her words as though they were her own words out of her own heart."

"I like best where Sara Crewe got her imaginings when the garret was made into a palace. It's nice when children get their imaginings!"

These were two of the illuminating answers given by public school children who had seen the Children's Educational Theatre interpret "The Little Princess." The Principal had asked those of his pupils who had been fortunate enough to procure tickets for the performance to tell what best they had liked about the little heroine of the play, Sara Crewe.

The responses quoted above are particularly significant. The first gives in a nutshell the whole aim and method of those who have originated and carried on the work of establishing the Children's Theatre. The little girl who had taken the part of Sara Crewe had been taught something more than mechanically to learn her lines. The mental and spiritual attitude toward the character she had assumed was one of genuine sympathy and understanding. She had been lifted out of her own little restricted sphere of thought and action and was knowing how somebody else in the world felt. Therefore her life must have taken on a deeper significance.

The second answer revealed a great heart-felt need in all the little ones of humanity. "It's nice when children get their imaginings!" We all need to have our garrets turned into palaces and the Children's Educational Theatre is doing just that thing for hundreds and hundreds of starved minds throughout the great city of New York—developing imagination through a healthy arousing of the emotions.

The result of this institution will be widespread. It is not amusement for amusement's sake. Neither is it of momentary interest like a moving-picture show. On the contrary, it is a constructive effort to *develop audiences* by making the children responsible for the standard of their own entertainment. There will be a higher art on the stage in general because audiences rendered more and more intelligent by just this training will demand a higher art.

Therefore, those who were wise enough to see the constantly increasing need of (1) better entertainment and (2) self-expression, have formed this nucleus of what is destined to become a national institution and which has been endorsed by the best-known educators of the day. Mark Twain said: "I consider the Children's Educational Theatre the greatest citizen-making force of the century. I hope I shall live to see it firmly established."

Dr. Charles F. Aked wrote: "Very wonderful indeed is its work. It represents one of the very best pieces of work done in this country. It civilizes; it educates; it Americanizes; it deserves well at the hands of all patriotically minded citizens." William Dean Howells added his word of approval: "The play behind the footlights was admirably well done, yet I believe I enjoyed the play in front quite as well."

About twelve years ago, Mrs. Alice Minnie Herts Heniger began her work down on the lower East Side of the city, in the institution known as the Educational Alliance. She had no other object than to furnish the multitudes of children who people that section with good entertainment. Mr. Jacob Heniger and many other earnest, far-seeing people became Mrs. Heniger's associates. In united effort they began their search for ways to reach the moral side of the future man and woman and decided finally to make use of the greatest possession of the child—its desire to mimic, to invent, to create, to "make believe." The work met with instant success because it was founded upon a universal quality—dramatic instinct. When it became known what was afoot there were more applicants to fill up the casts than could possibly be handled. It was necessary to form classes where every part of the play might be studied by at least half-a-dozen different persons. The centre of all these activities, until the last few years, has been the Educational Alliance and the plays at first were given in its auditorium which accommodates 800. This was always packed to its very doors. For the first three years the price of admission was five cents; in the fourth year this was raised to ten cents without any diminution in the size of the audiences. The cost of maintenance is treble the receipts. The Educational Alliance made up the deficit.

Four years ago these children and young men and women became independent of the Educational Alliance and established their own institution under the name it now bears. Samuel Clemens, Rev. Percy Grant, Robert Collier, Otto Kahn, Minnie Herts Heniger became its directors. The board has many other well-known names on its list. Among them are Mrs. Frederick B. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Leeming, Mrs. H. P. Loomis. The organization has now a Children's League and a Junior League, both helping to support the Educational Theatre and both working to establish that institution in its own building. It plays in different parts of the city wherever there is a stage of sufficient size for the casts and properties.

One only has to see the crowd of eager children, trembling between the expectation of seeing the play and the possibility of



Copyright Moffett, Chicago

JOSE COLLINS

This attractive actress is now appearing in "The Passing Show of 1914" at the Winter Garden

not being able to procure a ticket to be convinced of the potency of this sort of education. On April 27th of this year at the Educational Alliance where a performance was given, seventeen hundred children were turned away; this in the face of the fact that the admission was ten cents and a moving picture theatre nearby has difficulty in procuring an audience at three cents per.

The first play, presented after six months' hard labor, was "The Tempest." This was chosen because it teaches the majesty and simplicity of nature (in contrast to the crowded tenement districts) and the nobility of forgiveness. Three hundred and fifty young people studied its presentation—the meaning of each character in relation to other characters, to the plot and to the history of the period. One little girl remarked to Mr. Heniger, the stage manager: "I like 'The Tempest,' because all the people in the neighborhood know about it—that is, all the educated ones does, and those that isn't educated I tell them about it!" To the thoughtful this remark reveals the great possibilities of this undertaking—as a unifying principle between the older and the younger people, the parents and the children. The Forest Ring, teaching its lesson of kindness to animals; "Peter Pan," with its delicate sentiment; "Ingomar," evolving an ideal affection from a brute love; "As You Like It," with its wholesome love story, and other plays with vivid, natural appeal, followed "The Tempest."

"Why should people be always *conscious* of learning? Why should not the process be spontaneous? We find in teaching children to interpret characters on the stage we have hit upon a most genial method of education. It develops character by joining work with interest. Some great principle is involved on the part of both audience and player. It is an economic force including both. It does not mean a mere catering to a passion for diversion, but it satisfies a latent desire for *re-creation*—for self-expression."

Mrs. Heniger, just starting on a lecture tour through the West in the interest of her life-work, was most earnest as she spoke the above words. She went on: "Entertainment is not a luxury, it is a necessity. It is a universal demand, hitherto unsupplied and by utilizing the dramatic instinct which is in and can animate even the dullest, slowest child we can meet it. At the same time we are cutting a safe channel for a hitherto undirected stream of energy. It imparts to children by the hundred a strong interest in intellectual and moral work, while showing them how to impart pleasure in a wholesome way. This interest and power will last through life and be a continuous source of real satisfaction. This is one of the most potent means of presenting ideas to the child mind through picture and spoken story. Then we seize upon the interest thus awakened to arouse and stimulate moral development.

"This work is of the kind that makes intimate connections with the people all about us. When a member of a family is playing in a production on a real stage to which a whole neighborhood flocks, there is apt to be a lively interest on the part of all the

aunts and cousins and brothers and grandparents and mothers and fathers. We find in many ways it leavens their lives and always we have found a lasting response.

"For example, when I go to get things for the stage properties and costumes I find owners of the little shops nearby ready and willing to co-operate by making the prices as low as they can and sometimes giving outright. One day I entered the store of the father of one of our boys. He called out to his wife in the back room: 'It's the lady that makes the plays where our Morris takes off for Shick in "Snow White." It's going to get a new play and she wants velvet. Let's give it!' Of course, I never let an impulse like that go to waste. I take the material in the spirit in which it is offered.

"Then once I happened in the home of one of our girls to be met by her mother who called my attention to the room and its furnishings. It was an almost exact duplicate of the refined, simple living room of little Lord Fauntleroy's mother as we had pictured it in that play. 'You see,' she said, 'it was so pretty and so cheap and so much easier to keep clean than the old plush furniture and things I used to like!'

"When we were playing 'The Tempest,' word came from the public libraries that they did not have enough volumes of Shakespeare to go around because all the parents wanted to read the play. Then somebody got out a ten-cent edition, a thousand copies of which were sold in one neighborhood in less than a month!

"The Probation Court officers ask for tickets that they may hold them as rewards for good behavior. They found a boy would report steadily for six weeks for the opportunity to see 'The Prince and the Pauper.'

"Now as to the communal training of the children and young people who take active part! To start with, nothing is done for money. If it should develop into a money making scheme it would be fatal to the very life of the movement. The idea instilled into the minds of the players is a desire to give pleasure rather than to get anything. This makes for genuine altruism. In order to drive this ideal home we have often played benefits for other causes than our own when we have been in desperate straits for money ourselves.

"Then we have an interchange of duties. The Prince one night will act as call boy the next and be a shout in the wings the third or a scene shifter on the fourth. Thus we teach the necessity of equal intelligence and respect for obligation in the performance of a minor as in that of a major rôle. This has proved to be a fine moral stimulus.

"As there will be half-a-dozen ready to play any one part, no one personality is a necessity. Each performer finds he must subordinate his own wishes to the general whole. Also, we find in teaching a youth to interpret several characters and to cheerfully serve in any capacity, however menial, his emotions are being steadied and

controlled. Even in mob play each one has a character to evolve and interpret—therefore, each one plays with enthusiasm and vigor. I have heard stage



Photo Lillian George

LOUIS EHRET

Composer of "The Merry Lunatics," the play produced with great success by the Columbia Boys



Photo Floyd

MLLE. DAZIE

Dancer seen in vaudeville in J. M. Barrie's "Pantaloons"

(Continued on page 40)

At the Theatres

WINTER GARDEN. "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1914." Revue in two acts. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge, music by Harry Carrol and Sigmund Romberg. Produced on June 10th with this cast:

Deuce Baggot, John Freeman; Mary Packard, Muriel Window; Camera Man, William Dunham; Miss High Jinks, Ethel Amorita Kelly; Rip Van Winkle Roosevelt, Robert E. Keane; Little Buttercup, George W. Monroe; Huerta, Lew Brice; Sari, Elsie Pilcer; Gypsy Fiddler, Ivan Bankoff; Lady Windermere, Bessie Crawford; The Misleading Nut, T. Roy Barnes; First Attendant, Joseph P. Galton; Second Attendant, Parker Lesard; Jarrod McGee, Bernard Granville; Panthea, Frances Demarest; Kitty MacKay, Jose Collins; Baron Crique, Harry Fisher; Tango, Winifred Gilrain; Miss Jerry, Marilynn Miller; Miss Glasgow, Winona Wilkins; Miss Leeds, June Elvidge; Miss Edinburgh, Thelma Hoefle; Miss Henrietta, Florence Averell.

To those who have the good fortune, or the misfortune, to be in New York during the warm weather, "The Passing Show of 1914," with its breezy atmosphere will bring new life to the overheated. It seems that the managers have gone the limit in gathering the headliners who during the evening appear to enjoy their parts as much as the public. To tell the plot would be a physical impossibility. But it is somewhat different from the usual summer show inasmuch as there is a great deal of wit, fun and high spirit. Parody succeeds parody and in turn we see "The Yellow Ticket," "Prunella," "Omar Khayyam," "A Thousand Years Ago" and "Kitty MacKay."

To mention the name of George W. Monroe as Little Buttercup, the Queen of the Movies, is in itself laughable. He is one of the best burlesquers on the present stage. His, or her partner, Harry Fisher, is just as funny. Among others who scored hits are Bernard Granville, Muriel Window and T. Roy Barnes. It is to be regretted that Jose Collins had so little to do, as her acting and singing is always a delight. There is much beautiful scenery, numerous striking costumes, and an unusual collection of pretty girls. The songs are particularly bright and tuneful, especially *Omar Khayyam*, which is destined to become very popular.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES." In two acts. Book and lyrics by George V. Hobart, additional lyrics by Gene Buck; music by Raymond Hubbell; special numbers by David Stamper. Produced on June 1st with this cast:

Satan, Vera Michelena; Benzina, Anna Pennington; Izrafel, Gertrude Vanderbilt; Salamander, George McKay; September Morn, Kay Laurell; L. Holduppe, Addison Young; Officer Keegan, J. Bernard Dyllan; Jennings B. Ryan, Arthur Deagon; Peter Peroxide, Henry Lutz; Sal Hepatica, Dorothy Newell; Geraldine, May Leslie; Spirit of the Tango, Gladys Feldman; Joe King, Ed. Wynn; The Executioner, Wm. Greenlaw; Onyx, Bert Williams; A. Bunn, Leon Errol.

With the approach of warm weather we get the typical summer show, and in this kind of entertainment the "Ziegfeld Follies" always scores. The 1914 edition is a huge success.

Bert Williams is one of the brightest spots of the performance, and Leon Errol and Stella Chatelaine in an eccentric tango are very amusing. Anna Pennington, wearing a striking costume, does some distinctive dancing and scores one of the big successes of the evening.

There are many scenic novelties introduced, the costumes are beautiful, and the production of a high standard of excellence. Then there is the chorus, which is unusually attractive.

Anyone seeking light entertainment will find plenty to please in the "Ziegfeld Follies."

SHUBERT. "MADAME MOSELLE." Musical play in three acts. Adapted from the French by Edward A. Paulton. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced on May 23d with this cast:

Gabriel Smudge, Ralph Herz; Mrs. Vane, Josie Intropidi; Nina, Diane d'Aubrey; Fred Corson, Jack Henderson; Eva Moselle, Octavia Broske; Harry Boland, Ernest Lambart; Matthew, Hallen Mostyn; Kerrazzo, William Pruette; Betty, Jessie Duncan; Mortimer, Royal Cutter; La Petite Adele, Helene Novita; Doris, Ethel Osterheld; Irene, Kathleen Allen; Ivy, Olive Osborne.

Even consistency of plot and perfection of detail could not successfully launch "Madame Moselle," the musical comedy that lived for a few nights at the Shubert Theatre. The little piece was well acted and sung by an excellent cast, and contained all the present requisites of a musical comedy. There were dances galore—even a half savage and grimly realistic pantomime entitled "La Bruta," a sort of Apache dance cleverly performed by Helene Novita and Jack Anderson. The scant chorus numbering only eight girls was prettily costumed and good to look upon. What the piece did lack, however, was novelty and a certain "speed" that are indispensable to successful musical comedies.

(Continued on page 48)



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Modern Stage Dancing

(Continued from page 30)

here was Isadora Duncan, the barefoot dancer, who recently refused \$5,000 a week to dance in vaudeville theatres. An expensive orchestra was always an obstacle to great profits for the managers. Maud Allan, who came here after Miss Duncan, was able to pack the Metropolitan Opera House to the doors at high prices and yet failed to prove profitable to the management.

Before the advent of the Misses Duncan and Allan, the "art" dancer found exploitation in the person of Ruth St. Denis, an American girl who had been dancing in the variety theatres under the name of "Ruth" for many years, but whom no one classed as a celebrity until she embraced the oriental style of dancing.

The demand for classic dancers, however, became so insistent that William Hammerstein was determined to present one on his stage without a \$5,000 a week salary or even an augmented orchestra. He discovered what he wanted at Huber's Museum, on East 14th Street, where "Rajah" was dancing to the patrons of the dime museum.

By the simple process of transporting Rajah from East 14th Street to 42nd Street and Broadway, a \$25 a week star was launched as an "art" dancer. For over a month there was not a vacant seat at the big music hall, and Rajah found \$1,000 in her pay envelope every week thereafter.

The Salome dance came into vogue simultaneously with the popularity of classic dancing, its potency being greatly enhanced by the publicity given to the elimination of the Strauss opera from the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House by order of the late J. Pierpont Morgan. The two most prominent exponents of the Salome dance were Gertrude Hoffmann and Eva Tanguay, both of whom saw their weekly honorarium increased from a few hundred dollars to \$2,500, and neither has accepted a lesser sum since.

ROBERT GRAU.

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Confessions of a Ticket Seller

(Continued from page 26)

One would imagine the entire world to be stage struck, judging by the host of aspirants that come up to the box-office window and ask all manner of impossible questions. The kind-hearted ticket seller tries to disillusion them, but the desire to be an actor or an actress is a disease, almost impossible to cure except by succumbing to it.

Many a ticket seller, exhausted after a tire-some argument with some rantankerous theatre-goer, has yearned to crawl into some quiet nook and forget tickets, money, shows and everything else. But he must shoulder arms, right about face, and continue his labors, for he has a relentless foe, the theatre-going public, to combat, not with slings and arrows, but with smiles and equanimity. Once during a relay of a few hours I went to nurse our common grievances with a fellow craftsman in another theatre. I had hardly entered when he cried, "I have it, I have it!"

"You have what?" I asked.

"I have discovered a silent way to tell people something that I have ached to shout at the top of my voice at them." He pointed to a ribbon on the wall which read, "For the love of Mike, be reasonable."

"Observe how it works," he whispered as a human being with a petrified heart came up to the window. Of course, he wanted the best, which was not to be had, and held up the line. My friend turned about and gazed at the sign for a moment, and the man's eyes followed him. The words did not fail to have the desired effect. The theatre-goer scowled, but threw down his money. Scarcely he grumbled:

"Well, if it is the best you have I'll take it, but I think you are holding out on me."

In the name of my fellow-workers, I make a plea for every man and woman behind any kind of counter. I ask you "For the love of Mike, be reasonable."

SOUTHARD BROWN.

Milton Aborn left on the *Imperator* recently for a six-weeks' tour in Europe in search of singers for the coming season of the Century Opera Company, while his brother, Sargent Aborn, remains to carry along the other preparations at the Century Opera House this summer.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

See page 47 for particulars

MAURICE DONNAY

(Continued from page 32)

"Amants." They are less exclusively Parisian and more human.

"La Douleureuse" (1897) is an example of the moral cowardice of two lovers when called to pay for the lie of their futile past.

About this time, M. Donnay seemed to be slowly undergoing a transformation. He was beginning to tire of Paris, of Parisian life, and even of Parisians! The country attracted him. The morbid sordidness of city life disgusted him. So, one day, he suddenly became the censor, the accuser of those heroes of whom he had hitherto appeared to be the accomplice. The work which resumed the effort of transition was "Le Torrent," 1899, given at the Comédie Française. His work showed us Valentine Lambert, who voluntarily chooses death, so as to escape the disdain of all her people, when they know her crime. In several vigorous scenes M. Donnay condemned that ferocious law of marriage thanks to which the male arrogates to himself the enjoyment of the most despotic of principles, thus obliging his wife, who cannot resist the imperious exigencies of nature, to commit adultery.

Next came "La Clairière" in collaboration with M. Lucien Descaves, and also "Oiseaux de Passage." In the first named play was shown the possibility of realizing happiness in the world, thanks to love, when woman, who is still reduced, in France at least, to the state of female, succeeds in escaping from the instinct which dominates her.

In 1913, in "l'Autre Danger," M. Donnay dissects with a keen edged scalpel the most secret recesses of the feminine soul. He shows the irremediable conflict waged in a woman, torn between her maternal instinct and her love. The drama is intensely poignant.

A few years ago, several French authors studied with great interest the dissemblances, and causes of discord and miscomprehension existing between Jews and Christians. In M. Donnay's play, "Le Retour de Jérusalem," which was produced amid noisy manifestations, he did not undertake, as did M. Guion in "Décadence," the study of the chivalrous but fallen aristocracy of France, in conflict with the new Jewish aristocracy of wealth. He preferred to analyse the intellectual and sentimental conflict which exists between Aryan and Semitic races. He concludes that any real union, whether moral, physical or legal is completely irremediable, impossible between two members of such absolutely opposed races.

In "Le Ménage de Molière," given a couple of years ago at the Comédie Française, M. Donnay remembered that he was an exquisite, subtle poet. In delicate verse, in which the grace and tenderness and irony, so characteristic of his talent are admirably blended, he evokes the jealousy which so cruelly tortured the immortal author of "Tartuffe."

Last spring the Comédie Marigny represented "Les Éclaireuses," in which M. Donnay spoke of Feminism. But although in the first act he exposed, with his usual wit and humor, the different theories for or against feminism, it is nevertheless not the real subject of the play, which is another love problem, such as M. Donnay will never tire of solving. MARC LOGÉ.

Sisters of the Stage

(Continued from page 23)

their voices are exactly alike. Miss Marie McFarland studied for grand opera in Paris, but gave up her ambitions in that direction for the more profitable field of vaudeville. Aided by her sister her "act" has been unusually successful.

Miss Katherine Florence and Eleanor Moretti were born in England. Their family name was Rogers, the names Florence and Moretti being taken for stage purposes. Later Miss Florence changed her name again when she married Fritz Williams, the actor, and to-day she is perhaps better known as Mrs. Fritz Williams than as Katherine Florence. Miss Moretti, it will be remembered, won considerable praise for her performances in "The Silver King" and "The Road to Yesterday."

Miss Flora Zabelle's family name before she married Raymond Hitchcock was Mangasarian, which, of course, is her sister's real name. However, for stage purposes, she has decided to use only part of it and accordingly she is known as Miss Christine Mangar.

Miss Marion Mosby retained her family name, which her elder sister discarded for the name of Sitgreaves when she began her stage career many years ago. As one sister is in musical comedy and the other in dramatic productions their close relationship is unknown. KARL K. KITCHEN.

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Children's Educational Theatre

(Continued from page 36)

managers envy the realism of our mob work." The children love to express something outside of their own environment and personality and sometimes they have deliberately chosen a minor or unlovely part in order to be able to understand the nature it involved.

One little girl, a truly fine little human being, was asked to take the part of Sara Crewe. But she shook her head. "No," she decided, "Sara Crewe is too much like me. I want to take the part of Becky because I've never known how a servant feels and I want to find out."

"We have large casts for the different plays as we work them up. These are divided into small groups for rehearsal work in separate class rooms, after which preliminary training all casts are brought together in the auditorium and the one farthest advanced takes first rehearsal stage work. The others are called to every stage rehearsal for criticism, etc.

"Then those whose apperceptive powers have made them able to *be*—to live—the characters, are chosen for the parts. Months of careful, patient training are passed in bringing the soul of a boy of an East Side tenement into points of contact with the soul and spirit of—say—the chivalrous young Prince in "The Prince and the Pauper." But after awhile the thrill of noble valor becomes an unconscious part of himself and the eternal something in his hungry young soul has received expression.

"This work of the Children's Educational Theatre could never be compulsive. It must be elective because our chief asset is the great unregulated surge of desire which animates the students, inducing them to regulated, constructive activity. Thus it could never become a part of a public school system but it can become everywhere a valuable aid to the schools if encouraged and recognized by educators.

"Our need here in New York is a theatre of our own with a seating capacity for 1,000. This would contain a rehearsal hall with a stage for its orchestra classes, interpretative dancing, etc., ten class rooms, offices, wardrobe and property rooms. It would all cost about \$250,000. Now we are homeless, practically, wandering around to play in different schools and rehearsing in indifferent places, wherever an opportunity offers itself.

"Sometime," Mrs. Heniger finished with a hopeful note in her voice, "it will be understood throughout the whole country what a splendid educational asset a Children's Educational Theatre can become. Even now in different parts of the Middle West, down in Philadelphia, in fact, nearly everywhere people's interest is being thoroughly aroused.

"Although the Children's Educational Theatre is but twelve years old its fame has permeated the entire land. In response to urgent calls I am going now to the West to tell people all I can about its possibilities. This interest shows how far a little candle throws its beams."

MAUDE PINGREE.

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"Foremost among the singers who take part in this performance is Miss Margaret Ober, the representative of Octavian, the Rosenkavalier. A more brilliant piece of work has not been enjoyed here for a long time. The fire, vivacity and youthful ardor, the mischievous comic spirit of her acting, the adroitness with which she carries off the somewhat difficult task of a young woman representing a young man disguised as a young woman, are wholly delightful. Her voice has been admired in the few times that she has sung here this winter, and she sings this music with warmth and beauty of tone and with excellent diction."

Mme. Ober has made an attractive series of records for the Victor, and the first of these, a splendid rendition of the great air from the second act of "Gioconda," is now presented.

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6442 Gioconda—Stella del marinai (Star of the Mariner) (Act II)...Ponchielli
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Russia's Greatest Comedian

(Continued from page 22)

good-humored hospitality. Each guest whom he counts among his friends upon arriving or departing bends before him for a kiss on the cheek. The fact of Vladimir Nicholievitch's being a famous actor is forgotten; everyone shows by his words and tone of voice that he is impressed most of all by the actor's great-heartedness, his unimpeachable private life, his splendid worth as a man. Indeed, the genuine, informal, democratic nature of these gatherings it is difficult to describe. As with all cultured Russian families, there reigns quietly here a knowledge of the languages, a broad sympathy and understanding of other peoples and other customs, an absolute simplicity and ease of manner, a charm, human, kind and good that only Slavonic temperaments, apparently, can produce. Once when I expressed admiration at the spectacle of a famous man doing so many kindnesses to younger men of no talents, wealth or fame, Vladimir Nicholievitch replied: "What is there surprising in that? All depends upon the man. Most of the people of this world are evil, so that when one finds a good man, one will do anything to keep him as a friend."

I have heard Davidoff read to young people at philanthropic societies in the capital, have seen him applauded and cheered with cries of "bis!" (Russian for "encore") until he has become exhausted responding. And how the children who have heard him remember him! His name is magic among them; he is their rarest annual treat. I have seen him appear on the stage in the middle of an act, perhaps in a minor rôle, and have heard that peculiar ripple of hushed awe and admiration (a Russian audience never interferes with the acting by applauding an actor's coming upon the stage), which breaks forth only when there is felt a deeper and more personal feeling than mere admiration. Russia is fond of Davidoff. Last Christmas Eve we were all gathered about the huge Christmas tree in the great dining-room of the manor house on the Davidoff estate in southern Finland. Each member of the family and each guest received a gift from the hands of the great comedian, as well as three kisses in classic Russian style. Finally all the servants of the estate assembled, great, shy, silent Finns, the bearded Russian coachman and *dvornick*, the stout, buxom cook, the children and all—and each and every one, cook and all, received his or her gift, plate of sweets, silver rouble, and three kisses from the idol of the Russian stage!

A few weeks ago Davidoff's actor friend, Dalmatoff, a well-known member of the Imperial Troupe, died. No prohibition was put upon the people's expression of their sorrow (as was the case with Tolstoi) at this unexpected and sacrificial loss. Thousands tramped through the muddy streets behind the glittering white hearse up to the front of the Alexandre Theater, where mass was said, and out to the Monastery at the end of the Nevsky Prospect, where Russia's heroes are laid. There Davidoff over the open grave of his friend said a few simple words, which, when read the next morning in the newspapers, touched thousands and thousands of hearts. The Imperial comedian concluded his address with these words, "And so, my comrade, until a time soon to come, I must wish you a farewell!" Thus, as a Christian, thus calmly thus nobly, does Vladimir Nicholievitch look forward to that event which has so often been the Russian's sole respite from the puzzling responsibilities and sorrows of life.

THOMAS H. UZZELL.

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Strindberg and Bjornson

(Continued from page 27)

not take into consideration in his relations with Bjornson, and he devoted his work, time and all his services to try to win back for Bjornson some of his lost popularity. He felt for the man who had been banished from his home, the man who in the confines of a Parisian apartment must long for the freshness of his wind-swept mountains, this son of the northland who had been the idol of a nation and who now walked unnoticed and alone in the midst of the modern Paris. He was as much out of harmony as the statue of the Sioux Indian in the Jardin d'Acclimatation surrounded daily by modishly dressed Parisiennes. Yet there were times when it was the Norwegian against the Swede, the conquered against the conquering. There were times when Bjorn-



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son looked down on the stronger but less civilized race as is apt for one of a declining race, with scorn, and perhaps with jealousy. But Bjornson's position in the Norwegian matter was not all: he wanted to influence politics without studying the questions of the day, he wanted to use his poetical genius to gain power.

He did not realize that the days had passed when politics were made by authoritative dictum, that the old-time pose of the prophet and the great catch words were no longer effective. He was too straight-forward and too honest to mix in intrigue or even to be diplomatic or discreet. So open and honest a nature did not understand the tricks which modern politics force upon the different factions. To him it was not possible to understand that in present-day politics the other wise honest man will lie, use fraud and think any means justifiable for "the good of the people"—which in reality means "for the good of the particular political party to which he belongs."

We have come to more or less doubt the success of a just cause, and even to question whether "honesty is the best policy" in the long run, at least politically. All this was opposed to Bjornson's character, he was essentially honest and if he was lured into a little sin for the good of his cause he promptly confessed it.

But all the while Strindberg began to find difficulties, he realized that he was no longer free, that the friendly hand of the elder man was heavy, weighed down by his great name, his reputation, his position. There were differences which could not be compromised, differences which had made a breach and which could not be healed when the political struggle was ended.

CHARLES D'ABDANK.

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Acting Helps a Woman to Live

(Continued from page 14)

Looking at them as I made up diverted my thoughts. That is what we need when anything becomes stale, a play or life. If I felt that home-life were growing monotonous I should go out that afternoon and see new pictures, call on interesting people, or read a stimulating book. Then I should have something new to talk about with my husband."

"There's a great deal of prose in married life. It's like rehearsals," I mused.

"Yes, and when both seem unbearably monotonous, we must dwell on the beauty or charm of a note in them. When I was rehearsing a speech in my last play I disliked it. I dreaded and was near to hating it. One day I determined that the speech should not worst me. I thought of a strong phrase in it that appealed to me. I thought about that phrase. I kept on thinking of it until I found myself deeply interested in the speech. I no longer dreaded it. In time I grew to quite like it. So of the character of one with whom we are closely associated. We should ignore the traits we don't like and dwell continuously on the traits we admire. Those traits will come to mean the character of the man."

"Suppose a mother-in-law."

Miss Beecher, who in private life is the bride of Harry Guggenheimer, the young lawyer, smiled.

"The mother-in-law need not be a bugaboo. She is likely to become a great friend, one's pal. But if she or any other member of the family assumes that aspect she or he must be treated as you do the actor whom you feel sure you are going to dislike. Don't let anyone get on your nerves. Make yourself like him. You can do it. I know it can be done. I began an engagement feeling sure I should dislike a person with whom I played, knowing he was prepared to dislike me. Before the end of that engagement he was my friend. I had simply liked away the latent antagonism that had existed between us."

"Love away the trying thing?"

"Yes," said my serious young hostess. "What no one can afford is to hate. Hatred has brought a play to failure and lives to disaster."

"When things are going wrong?"

"In the play and in life put more thought into it. If it's the play put new interest and work into it. It will reward you. If the wires in the marriage symphony are jangling take a week end trip with your husband and take it. Don't plan and postpone it."

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The American Playwright

Edited by WILLIAM T. PRICE

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Acting and Health

THE expression that "the finest art is art concealed," applies with particular emphasis to the art of dramatic acting. The first essential, the foundation of the individual's success as an actor, is an easy naturalness. The part must be so well represented that the actor's art in the portrayal is completely hidden behind the character he assumes.

Naturalness is a matter of self-control, and this, in turn, a matter of good nerves. Good nerves are unquestionably founded on good health, hence sound physical health is a prime requisite to acting. There are good actors who are not in good health, but, speaking broadly, they are not "top-notchers," and only confirm the rule by supplying the necessary exceptions. Of late, this truth is being recognized as never before; this is evinced by actors' interest in outdoor sports, attention to physical training and general care of the physical machine. Yet there are some who still consider their art solely a mental matter and spend all their time in study when they should give part of it to the outdoors in health-building and recreation.

Acting is wearing work. Emotional parts exhaust the nervous system terribly. When we remember the wonderful things now accomplished by suggestion, even outside suggestion, then reflect that emotions are depicted on the stage by auto-suggestion, one of the most powerful stimulants in existence, we can see why the emotional actor tends to become the character he plays and why his health is likely to suffer.

Every actor should get as far away from his part as he can between the times he is called upon to play. In this way only can "staleness" be avoided and the faculties he has to overwork be refreshed. Since the nervous system is the greatest sufferer, whatever will rebuild it is of the highest value. And this is air—air above everything. Air is the vital food of nerves; a nerve cell consumes four times as much oxygen as a muscle cell, and all classes of workers using nervous energy should remember that their need for abundant pure air is imperative, far greater than that of muscle workers. Laying science and theory aside, what is more refreshing to tired nerves than a walk into some quiet locality where one can relax and breathe? Here is a most practical proof, for it is the *air* that cools the aching brow and calms the throbbing nerves.

If there is any one class of workers to whom good physical condition is vitally important, it is surely actors. To overlook this is poor business policy; if the desirability of robust health appeals to you on no other plane, it is worth its attainment and maintenance purely as business capital. Perfect functional health gives the all-important self-control, the perfect skin, clear, expressive eyes and powerful voice that the successful actor should have. Muscular exercise and gymnastics give the muscular control and power of co-ordination that constitute grace, that charming trait that so quickly gains appreciation from managers and playgoers.

Actors cannot afford to overlook all this, particularly when it is remembered that sound health quickens the intellect and every mental faculty. It is a matter of practice; health habits are easily formed and so quickly prove their value that in a few weeks one is unwilling to give them up. The time given to this exercise, etc., must not be grudged; such a mental attitude militates against success.

The form of exercise should be simple; that is, it should not call for concentrated attention. The aim is to rest the brain; an exercise like fencing or boxing, where every nerve is keyed high, is not nearly so beneficial to mental workers as long walks,

cross-country running, rowing, swimming or skating. These latter, without a competitive element, draw the blood from the brain to the muscles and balance the circulation. Dumb-bell work in the open air is good for the same reason, namely, that the work can be done somewhat mechanically. Thus are the muscles benefitted and the nerves left calm.

Walking and running are the best all-round exercises for health. They are the most natural, the least wasteful of nervous force and most beneficial to respiration, circulation and the other vital functions. Vigorous games, like tennis, hockey, etc., are fine when the brain is not already tired. The practice of fencing, boxing, juggling and moderate weight-lifting all contribute to a good physical development that is often of value in the actor's profession. To sum up, actors may make their work one hundred per cent. easier and increase their efficiency greatly by attention to the health and physique.

L. E. EUBANKS.



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JULIA BRUNS

Model of the well-known artist, James Montgomery Flagg, now appearing in the London production of "Potash and Perlmutter"

PICTURE plays and players may be said to comprise a "Fifth Estate,"

Acting in the Silent Drama

its difficulties and compensations, and the kind of talent it required.

but their potency and popularity is only imperfectly realized by the public. There are to-day over 20,000 houses in this country devoted to motion pictures, and more than seventy-five films released every week by domestic manufacturers alone. Such a prodigious output demands the services of thousands of actors, a few of whom can boast of as numerous a following as that of any favorite of the regular stage. For an actor to be able to delight Pretoria, Buenos Aires, Stockholm, Tokio and Mobile on the same night, to know that he need not speak a foreign tongue to reach the understanding of his audience—that the eye alone is the medium of communication—is a tremendous power in itself. Under these conditions, film acting must necessarily present difficulties of a unique character, interesting alike to the actor on the stage and those who study the art from the standpoint of the spectator. One of the most successful film players now before the public is Arthur V. Johnson, leading man for the Lubin studio. He is liked for his vigorous acting as well as for his unusual personality. He is a tall man, above the average height, spare of frame, slow of movement.



ARTHUR JOHNSON
Leading man of the Lubin Company

"From Military School to the Movies"

was the alliterative heading recently given a newspaper article about me," said Mr. Johnson to the present writer, "but it did not take into consideration an interval of many years. The transition was not made in a night. It is true that I ran away from school to become an actor, however. My first chance came from a Shakespearean star whose name need not be mentioned. I believe he would rise in his grave to repeat the things he used to huri at the lanky boy who played Tybalt. Fourteen years spent on the stage, playing mostly Shakespeare and the classic drama with Mantell, Marie Wainwright and others, with the usual ups and downs, is the sum of my experience. Through it I gained the thorough familiarity with stage routine which was to be of value later on. Also, I owe much of my sympathy and understanding of character rôles to what I learned as a member of Sol Smith Russell's company. Five years ago, at the end of a disastrous season, with a long and unprofitable stretch of idleness before me, I heard one evening at The Players' that several men of my acquaintance had found working in pictures a solution of the problem of making both ends meet during the dull season. They were not men of prominence, yet had thought it wise to change their names for this engagement. At that time there was a trace of odium attached to the picture actor. I was engaged by the Biograph Company and was fortunate enough to quickly adapt myself to the new work. I then joined a smaller company which offered me greater scope, but left it to enlist under the Lubin banner as leading man. I have been with Mr. Lubin three and one-half years. For the past two and one-half years I have been director as well, staging the plays in which I assume the principal parts."

As he sat there, the embodiment of poise, unlimited reserve power I tried to get at the secret of his appeal to foreigners as well as to his own countrymen. It lies in the Americanism of the man: lean-limbed and dark, square-chinned, wide-shouldered, he typifies the virility of the young collegian, matured by years and experience. I asked him to enumerate the advantages of acting in the silent drama,

"Its advantages are many, chief of which are the absence of constant travel, the strain of learning lines, and the frequent seeking of a new engagement. Nevertheless, an actor misses all these accepted hardships, as well as the stimulation of his audience and the variety he can infuse into the same part night after night. Convincing acting appeals to all, and more to those who can see imagination in and thought behind it. The symbols of expression are the same as on the stage, though their application is necessarily more rapid. On the stage thought precedes action; on the screen action must follow action without lapse. In such acting there are no half measures. Whether the method be broad and sweeping or subdued and restrained, it must be none the less sure in its meaning. The actor who can express thought and emotion in a series of graphic, unmistakable flashes is the one who is invaluable in the photoplay. Conventional pantomime was first attempted, but it soon gave way to a less artificial style of acting. To-day we aim to make our efforts as nearly approximate real life as we can, using few conventional gestures and absolutely none of the old pantomimic modes of expression. So much for the method.

"Too much stress cannot be laid upon the difficulty of achieving a consistent and definite characterization, and sustaining it, when it is borne in mind that the thirty odd scenes which comprise a film of ordinary length are rarely over thirty seconds—often less—in duration. Each scene has its share in the development of plot and character. If one is weakened, the structure is impaired. Yet there is complex, highly artistic acting to be seen on the screen to-day.

"Another feature of photoplay production and acting which never fails to demonstrate its difficulties is the fact that all the scenes which happen to be laid in one 'set' are photographed before that 'set' is 'struck' to make way for the next one, irrespective of sequence. Thus it often happens that the last scene of the play is done days before the first. The task of watching to see that details correspond—that the heroine is not wearing furs in one scene and is discovered without them in the scene immediately following—is no inconsiderable one, especially when it is remembered, as mentioned before, that several days may separate the photographing of the two scenes."

The actor went on to describe his duties directly a script is assigned to him. He usually undertakes a new one every week. First, it is read to those players who form a permanent nucleus of his company, the parts cast, and, if necessary, the large number of interchangeable actors drawn upon to play the minor rôles. The various interior and exterior scenes are picked out from the scenario, the number of scenes to be taken in the several sets being noted. There are then ordered from the studio manager, who takes accurate account of the general character of the set, the furniture and properties needed and proceeds to get them in readiness. If the weather is good and the light satisfactory, automobiles take the actors to the points chosen for the out-of-door scenes; if conditions make it advisable to work indoors artificial light makes that possible.

"There is no dialogue in a photoplay. In directing I often give to an actor a word or a phrase to help him project his



Arthur Johnson in "A Leader of Men"

(Continued on page 45)

Acting in the Silent Drama

(Continued from page 44)

meaning, but stereotyped dialogue is never heard." A scene is usually rehearsed three or four times before it is finally photographed, let it be said for the benefit of the uninitiated. "My day begins when I leave my hotel and drive out to the studio on the outskirts of the city, usually about 9:30, and I rarely leave before 5 o'clock. An actor does not readily accustom himself to such hours. My evenings are spent for the most part in studying the play then in preparation by my company, devising new business and effects, varied by reading a little Shakespeare, with frequent visits to the picture theatres that I may keep in touch with the work of my friends. Altogether, it is a busy life. Usually I am sent away for three months of the summer with my company to photograph our plays in a rural environment. The change is a welcome one, but the routine is virtually the same."

"In what respect has photoplay production shown its greatest advance?"

"That's a hard question to answer," because we have been improving in all departments. However, at present I think it lies in the quality of stories. The writing of photoplays has become an exacting and serious effort, worthy of talent of a high order. Plays are now being produced which embody all the strict essentials of the photoplay, yet the subjects and the mental conflicts involved are worthy of the exhaustive novel. There is still much that is banal, nothing that is harmful and a great deal that is beautiful and inspiring on the screen to-day. Because some one at random enters a picture house and witnesses a film that tells a story of mawkish sentiment or gross sensationalism, it does not follow that many wonderful results are not being accomplished by the producers. "Pippa Passes," "Ghosts," "Pelleas and Melisande" have been filmed. I merely mention these because of their purely imaginative and intellectual appeal. If a man sees a program of "small-time" vaudeville, must that be accepted as the barometer of the drama? All tastes must be provided for in film production, hence the mixed programs. In time, however, we shall have restricted offerings when it will be possible to offer photodramas which must necessarily be confined to adult audiences."

Mr. Johnson declares he has no preferences among the many rôles he plays.

"I enjoy whatever I am doing. When I was playing an engineer some time ago I was expected to jump from the speeding engine at a certain point along the road, just before the locomotive reached a damaged bridge, from which it was to plunge into the river below. You see, it was quite to my advantage to jump rather than be drowned a few seconds later. It all depended upon the rate of speed. The engine was rehearsed to go almost slowly, so that there would have been no danger. It got beyond my control before we reached the point where I was to jump, and was travelling about like the Twentieth Century Limited. I jumped, crashed on my shoulder and was stunned into insensibility. But the dash of the train from the bridge to the water was superb!"

The actor seated himself before his make-up table and skillfully applied the smallest quantity of paint and powder. He explained that rouge is never used, as in photography red is black, and wherever put on would give the effect of a smudge. "Ours is a business of sharp contrast, on and off the screen. Five years ago I was an actor of experience without recognition. To-day I entertain a public whose numbers exceed the entire population of this country. I enjoy a fixed income which equals that of many stars of the stage, consequently have no terrors of fluctuating box-office receipts and half-filled houses. I play to crowded houses every night in the year. You ask me for the most direct evidence of my popularity! Let us rather say the power of the film to carry its message. An unusual example of that, and a remarkable instance of post office efficiency is fresh in my mind just now, so perhaps it will serve. It was in the form of an envelope—entirely blank, save for a rather indistinct newspaper portrait pasted on it—which was mailed at Los Angeles. It found its way across the continent to Philadelphia, as surely as if it had been sent by messenger. The original of the picture was myself. It did not touch me nearly so much as did an offer made to me the other day, however. It came from a genius of the frying pan, who asked if she could come and cook for me!"

NORBERT LUSK.

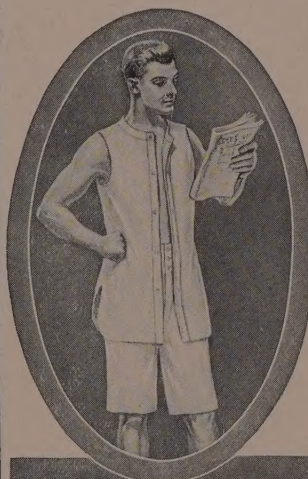
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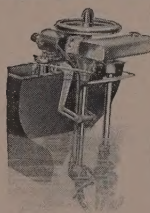
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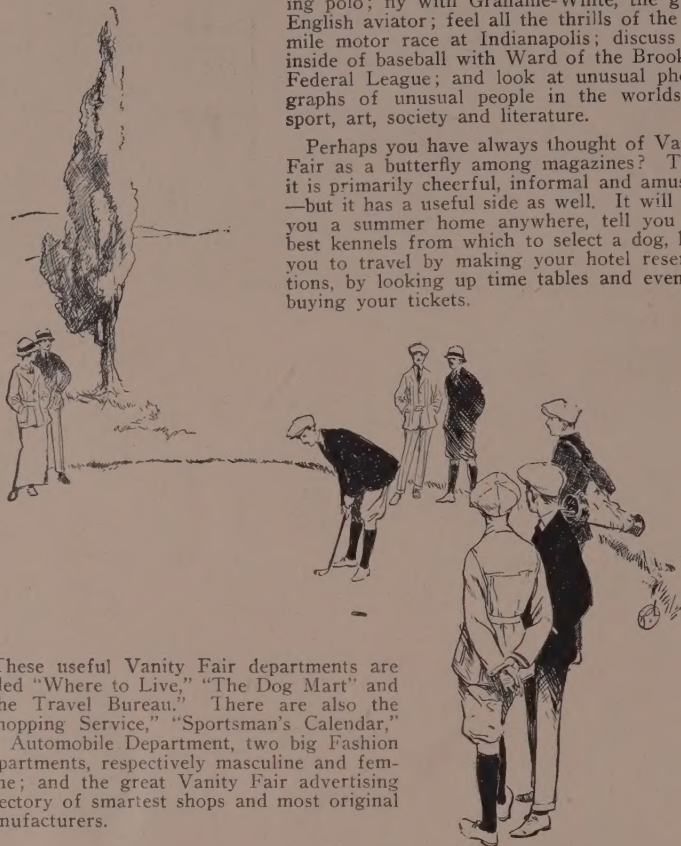
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In the July Vanity Fair you may watch the Prince of Wales and the King of Spain playing polo; fly with Grahame-White, the great English aviator; feel all the thrills of the 500 mile motor race at Indianapolis; discuss the inside of baseball with Ward of the Brooklyn Federal League; and look at unusual photographs of unusual people in the worlds of sport, art, society and literature.

Perhaps you have always thought of Vanity Fair as a butterfly among magazines? True, it is primarily cheerful, informal and amusing—but it has a useful side as well. It will find you a summer home anywhere, tell you the best kennels from which to select a dog, help you to travel by making your hotel reservations, by looking up time tables and even by buying your tickets.



These useful Vanity Fair departments are called "Where to Live," "The Dog Mart" and "The Travel Bureau." There are also the "Shopping Service," "Sportsman's Calendar," the Automobile Department, two big Fashion Departments, respectively masculine and feminine; and the great Vanity Fair advertising directory of smartest shops and most original manufacturers.

You need Vanity Fair if you care for sports; if you are interested in music, in the opera, in the stage; if you like to know about the tendencies in modern literature, the best in art; and, above all, if a magazine that presents the most entertaining side of American life appeals to you, secure to-day the July number of Vanity Fair.

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Frank Crowninshield, Editor

Hits of the Month

One of the most difficult rôles in "The Truth," the Clyde Fitch play in which Grace George starred recently at the Little Theatre, is that of Warder, Becky's Husband. Sydney Booth, who



Sydney Booth

was seen in the part, handled it with a dignity, sincerity and variety of mood that made it stand out even in this play of forceful characterizations. He is a member of the famous theatrical family of Booths, being the son of Agnes and Junius Brutus Booth. Mr. Booth was born in Boston, Mass., and attended Dr. Caledon's Military Academy in New York City. His first appearance was with Sannborn in a dramatization of "Kenilworth" called "Amy Robsart" at Wallacks Theatre. Then he replaced Robert Edeson as King Charles II in "Mistress Nell," in which he appeared with Henrietta Crossman. After that he was chosen to succeed Richard Bennett in Liebler & Co.'s production of "The Deep Purple," giving up a leading rôle in "The Dawn of a To-morrow" to do this. He then created the rôle of Charles Henderson in "The Man on the Box," and when Henry E. Dixey left the cast Mr. Booth was starred throughout the middle west in the piece. Following that he appeared in a vaudeville sketch entitled "The Two Juliets," in which he was seen for a year and a half. He then joined Lillian Russell's company, appearing with her in "Wild-fire" and "Widows Might." This year, before his appearance in "The Truth," he was seen in the Chicago production of "Within the Law," with Julia Dean in "Her Own Money," and with Bertha Kalich in the romantic drama, "Rachel."

A source of constant joy in "The Dummy," the delightful detective-comedy by the authors of "The Argyle Case," is Barney Cook, the little dummy himself, so cleverly and humanly played by Ernest Truex. Mr. Truex



Ernest Truex

will probably be a boy all his life, if not a "detectuf." In spite of his youth, he has had an amazing career, starting twenty years ago. Mr. Truex was born in Kansas City, Mo. At the age of five he attracted attention by his precocious talent for acting and was hailed as a prodigy throughout the West. He played with a little girl in repertoire, appearing in "Rip Van Winkle," "Ingomar," "Hamlet," and "Romeo and Juliet." When eight years old he appeared as little Aulis in "Quo Vadis," and later toured the Middle West in stock. Then he spent five years playing in Denver, Mexico City, Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City. After that came a long engagement in Boston as Cosmo in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." His first New York appearance was with Ezra Kendall in George Ade's "The Land of Dollars." That was at the age of fifteen. Afterwards came a run as the jockey in "Wild-fire," with Lillian Russell, followed by an engagement in the musical comedy "Girlish," and with Ralph Herz in "Dr. De Luxe." Later he was seen in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and in "Over Night." During his vacations the ambitious young actor appeared in vaudeville in a sketch of his own. Last year he was seen in the title rôle in "A Good Little Devil," and has since been seen in the "movies" in the same part.

"From Piqua to Broadway"—this is the title of the interesting adventures of Anna Orr, the little Western girl who scored such a hit in her first appearance on Broadway. As Vivian in



Anna Orr

"The Beauty Shop" her singing, dancing and natural charm, as well as her enchanting little face, captivate her audiences nightly. Miss Orr was born in Piqua, Ohio, and went to school at Saint Mary's Academy in Terre Haute. While there she took part in numerous amateur theatricals, being continually chosen to play the villainess. She became an adept at carrying knives and cups of poison and acquired the laugh of a villainess that would put to shame the real thing. When she left school and announced the intention of becoming an actress, her parents at first objected, but later decided to let her try. She secured an engagement in the chorus of "Mary's Lamb," in which Richard Carle starred. Last year she appeared with Mizzi Hajos in "The Spring Maid." Then she played lead in a vaudeville act until she was engaged for her present rôle.

Y. D. G.

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

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THE \$10,000 PRIZE PLAY

(Continued from page 11)

American author. The successful playwright was Martha Morton. Her drama was called "The Merchant," and a trial performance of it was given at the Union Square Theatre on June 26, 1890, with a cast that included: Nelson Wheatcroft, E. J. Henley, Chas. Dickson, Stanislaus Stange, Newton Chisnell, Selena Fetter, Marion Earle and Blanche Walsh. Two weeks before this production, Thomas B. Macdonough and H. C. Kennedy bought the piece, for which rights they paid the author \$5,000, and on May 4, 1891, they presented it at the Madison Square Theatre. The program included the names of: E. J. Henley, Daniel Jarrett, Alfred Becks, Henry Miller, Charles Dickson, Seymour G. Hess, R. F. Colton, Viola Allen, Virginia Buchanan, Henrietta Lauder, and Mary Hampton.

Miss Morton was again to win first honors in a competition of this kind, for in 1904, when THE THEATRE MAGAZINE offered a Broadway production for the best American play by an American author, Miss Morton led all the rest with "The Triumph of Love," which had a professional tryout at the Criterion Theatre on February 8th of that year, with a cast that included the following: Minna Gale-Haynes, Carlotta Neillson, Grace Filkins, William Harcourt, Macklyn Arbuckle, F. F. Mackay, and George Y. Backus. Max Figman staged the play, which William Seymour and F. Marion Crawford, of the jury of award, declared to be the best of the many efforts submitted.

In 1891-2 the *New York Herald* tried to stimulate the composition of one-act plays. It offered a prize and a production. The winner was a young man named Echard, and the production took place at the Garden Theatre, where "Hearts" was used as a curtain raiser to "Husband and Wife." The cast included Cora Tanner, Tessie Butler, Mary Penfield, Harold Russell, and Cuyler Hastings. It held its place in the bill from April 10, 1892, till May 2d.

Toten Topics also entered the field some years since, and put up a substantial cash prize for the winner, but the successful drama dealt with an unpleasant Southern social question, and the play was never acted. Each year, however, John Craig, at the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, offers a prize and production for the best play by a Harvard undergraduate. "Believe, Me, Zantippe," was one of the plays to be crowned with the Athenian laurel.

The Metropolitan Opera House, as is well known, gave \$5,000 to Horatio Parker, the composer, and \$5,000 to Brian Hooker, for the libretto of "Mona," after a lengthy competition. The opera was produced sumptuously and with an imposing cast. But it failed to win popular favor.

What will be the subsequent history of "Children of Earth" remains to be seen. Precedent would not seem to certify that competition is the best means of adducing the fittest. Let it be hoped that Miss Alice Brown's experience will be much happier than those who have gone before, and that Winthrop Ames, for the fine public spirit he has shown, may reap a fitting reward.

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

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At the Theatres

(Continued from page 37)

KNICKERBOCKER. "CABIRIA," the photoplay now occupying the Knickerbocker Theatre, came to us much heralded as the highest yet achieved in this particular form of art and entertainment. In many ways it justifies the promises made for it. The scientific use of the camera has been pushed to the utmost. The play is also notable in being written by D'Annunzio, the first novelist or dramatist of great distinction to lend himself to this new art. D'Annunzio, in the story, has kept himself within the limitations of the form. While there is some historic basis for this story, it is preponderantly romantic, with every opportunity sought for the pictorial. The time of the story is in the third century before Christ, when the Romans were engaged in their warfare against Carthage. Cabiria is a Sicilian child who is saved by her nurse at the time of an eruption of Mount Etna. A series of adventures then begin. The girl and nurse are captured by Phoenician pirates, and the girl is about to be thrown into a fiery furnace as a sacrifice to the god, Moloch. But she is rescued by a Roman, Fulvius, aided by a giant slave, Maciste. After various adventures Fulvius and Cabiria are married. This, of course,

is after a lapse of a number of years. In that time Cabiria has been the slave of an indulgent mistress; the Roman fleet has been destroyed by light reflected from mirrors. In short, D'Annunzio's genius has been put to practical use in supplying pictures that make up a story, possible only because the action takes place in a period as remote as three centuries before Christ. The Italia Film Co. of Turin show a certain supremacy in the mechanical and photographic effects they gave.

CANDLER. The Candler Theatre has two photoplays in its bill, "Pierrot, the Prodigal" and "The Naked Truth." The photoplay industry, naturally enough, is taking hold of everything that has acquired authority on the stage proper, and it is engaging the most distinguished actors, whose mimetic qualities, at least, may be seen on the film. "Pierrot" is adapted from the opera of the same name, by Mario Costa, and the title part is acted by Mlle. Francesca Bertina. There is an augmented orchestra of thirty-five soloists under the direction of Modeste Alschuler, conductor of the Russian Symphony Orchestra. The story of Pierrot's is a familiar one. The Prodigal, errant from his vows, returns, after vicissitudes in his folly, to the woman who loves him and now forgives him. The production is made by Mr. George Kleine.



CYRIL MAUDE

The popular English actor who will appear again next season in "Grumpy"

"The Naked Truth" is a photo-dramatic version of the sensational French novel, "La Femme Nue," by Henry Bataille. This also is the story of one who abandons his wife, leads a prodigal life, returns and is forgiven. In its details, however, it is wholly modern. The abandoned, suffering and forgiving wife in this play required for its portrayal a distinguished actress and Mr. Klein found her in Mlle. Lydia Borelli.

CORT. The Cort Theatre has in picture form Paul Armstrong's drama, "The Escape." The play when originally produced on the stage proper was a frank, and necessarily dramatic, study of evil social conditions which would demand remedy. The scenes were of the underworld and startlingly true to the perverted nature of its people. The purpose of the play, however, was not merely to display vice. There is the rescue and final redemption and happiness of one sister and the ruin and unhappiness of the other sister, a weaker character. In the play in the films the intent of the author is reserved while some of the thrilling effects are softened and saved from brutality by the absence of speech. However, that may be, the film play is purposeful and effective. It owes many of its improved qualities to its producer, Mr. D. W. Griffith, who has prepared a motion picture prelude to the play, preparing us for the significance of the sociological drama. He unfolds the lesson of nature by means of pictures of microscopic organism; and then carries on the lessons of life as shown in the careful selection in the breeding of animals up to the carelessness of mating in society without regard to results. This preliminary treatise, unusual as it is in a place of entertainment, authoritative enough in a scientific way, absolutely true in its philosophy, in no way offends, and greatly instructs. "The Escape" has thrilling scenes, a moving story and characterizations of great fidelity to type.

REPUBLIC.—It is as rare a treat to see beautiful Lina Cavalieri in a photo drama as it is to hear her sing. No vehicle could prove more satisfactory than the picturization of "Manon Lescaut," now being shown at the Republic Theatre. The film play was adapted from Abbe Prevost's novel, rather than from the operatic version. To see Cavalieri in this, one of her favorite rôles, together with her handsome tenor-husband, Lucien Muratore, with whom she has often sung it on the boards, and to listen to the orchestra in the Massenet music, one would almost expect the players to burst into song. The entire cast and setting are excellent.

Columbia Records

The Pavlowa O. K. has been put to the Columbia Modern dance records. The announcement of new records for July naturally makes much of the unqualified endorsement by this, the greatest living dancer.

To back it up there are eight new dances recorded under the supervision of G. Hepburn Wilson, M.B.

The principal musical offering among the July Columbia records is a double-disc of orchestral recordings made under the direction of Felix Weingartner—on one side the Overture and Intermezzo from "Carmen" and on the reverse the Prelude and Adagietto from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne Suite." In these two numbers, particularly the latter, there is not only conspicuously fine musicianship—that was, of course, inevitable with such a conductor—but the original tone coloring of the orchestra is retained to an unusual degree.

Miss Margaret Wilson whose records, announced last month, found instant favor, is again represented by the Scotch folk song "Will Ye No Come Back Again." The sympathy and sweetness of her voice are most pronounced and she interprets the piece with absolute fidelity and sincerity.

The principal operatic item on the list is a notable duet by Hector Dufranne and Henri Scott. The number chosen was the famous "Suoni la Tromba" from "I Puritani"—an heroic number, heroically sung. On the reverse side of the record Dufranne sings the aria from Massenet's "Thais," "Voilà donc la terrible cité."

Advt.

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Our Cover

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. This month we present on the cover a handsome portrait of the distinguished English actor Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in his greatest rôle—Hamlet. Sir Johnston is of gentle birth. His father, a Scotchman, was a celebrated art critic and historian. He, himself, decided to become an artist, and studied at the Academy with that end in view. At twenty-one, however, although experienced only in private theatricals, he was given a part in "Marie Stuart," and has been on the stage ever since. He has not dropped his art work entirely, for throughout his career he has designed and sketched the costumes and scenes for his own productions, and has also painted many celebrities. His first appearance as Hamlet was at the Lyceum Theatre, London, and he met with extraordinary success. Later he repeated his triumphs in America. Among his best known rôles are Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," the Passer-by in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and Cæsar in George Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra." Last year he was knighted for the splendor of his attainments as the foremost actor of the English stage.